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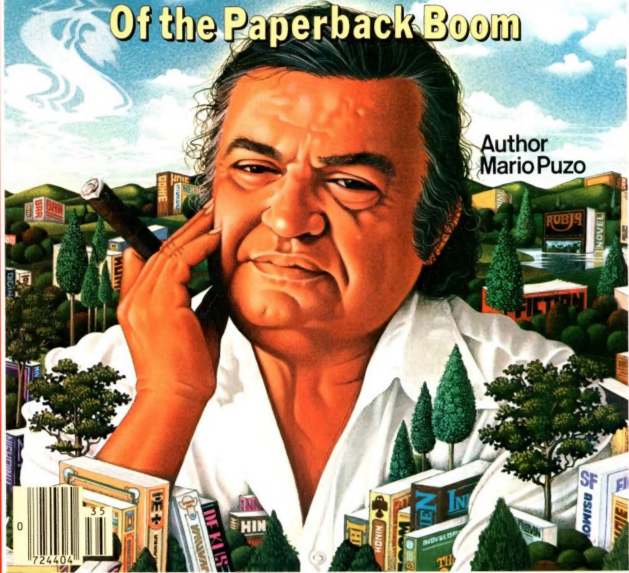


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Of the Paperback Boom

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You'll also find a built-in frequency generator servo system. Infrequently found at this price, it monitors and cor-

rects speed variations, which reduce wow and flutter.

Go to the head of the class.

That's where you'll find our ferrite and-ferrite record/playback head. Ferrite improves high frequency performance, and allows for a wider frequency response.

Ferrite is more expensive, but it lasts 200 times longer than conventional heads. And the body of the TC-K5 is built to last as long as its head.

Measure a cassette deck by its meters.

The TC-K5 has two professionally calibrated VU meters. And there's also three LED peak-level indicators.

Controls include an automatic shut-off in all modes, tape counter and memory, a rec-mute switch, and an

automatic tape-repeat mechanism.

And since we're not biased about standard, chromium dioxide, and ferrichrome tapes, our bias and equalization switches let you play all three. In fact, with nine possible combinations, any tape of the future can be handled.

The TC-K5, with built-in Dolby noise reduction system, is priced like a basic cassette. But you'd never know it from the elegant electronics and controls. It has features above and beyond the call of duty—but not the call of Sony.

It's for those on a budget. But who, when it comes to quality, refuse to budge.

SONY AUDIO

A Letter from the Publisher

When TIME's Laurence Barrett began covering the White House last May, he knew about the two rites of passage that awaited him. The first was perfunctory: despite past assignments at the Pentagon, he was fingerprinted and photographed immediately by the Secret Service, then issued a pass at the White House gates for each visit until he received a final security clearance. The second was a pleasure: a welcoming chat with Jimmy Carter. Since his arrival, Barrett has filed reports on a whirlwind of major stories that include the vote on whether or not to sell warplanes to Israel, and our in-depth study: "Jimmy Carter, the Leadership Question." This week his reporting provides the backbone of our Nation story about the President's edgy relations with Congress.

As a new White House correspondent, Barrett naturally spends a certain amount of time trying to fill in his blank "dance card" with high-level sources in the Carter camp. But the broad terms of the job are as familiar to him as the keys on a typewriter. For 20 years, Barrett has made U.S. politics his beat. A graduate of Columbia's School of Journalism, he joined

the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1957. Soon he became the *Tribune's* city hall bureau chief, with a regular column, "City Hall Beat," and wrote *The Mayor of New York*, a then futuristic political novel about urban pathology. After helping to cover the White House for the *Tribune* during the Kennedy and Johnson presidencies, Barrett in 1965 joined TIME, where he worked

in the Nation section and wrote 24 cover stories. Eventually, he served as a senior editor, then became chief of the magazine's New York bureau.

On returning to Washington, he was most struck by two changes since the Johnson era. The presidency has lost important leverage, he observes. And at least partly because of that, Jimmy Carter seems unable to keep a hold on the public's imagination. Says Barrett: "It's as if the electorate, which is still in an ambivalent and cranky mood, liked the down-home candidate Carter, but wants something quite different from President Carter."

Will the President gain his lost ground? In the months to come, Barrett will be the man best placed to help us answer that question for TIME's readers.

John A. Meyers



White House Correspondent Barrett with President Carter

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Cover: Illustration by Braldt Bralds.



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Letters

Lobbyists

To the Editors:

Your cover on lobbying [Aug. 7] could very well be classified as a minicourse on who runs the country and how legislation is manipulated by special-interest groups. It is an excellent exposé of how the people's elected representatives in Washington are influenced.

John Locke
Lorain, Ohio



It wasn't a handful of well-financed professionals who defeated the lobby-disclosure bill. Tens of thousands of environmentalists, religious activists and civil libertarians saw this bill as an assault on their right to communicate with Congress. The bill would have required massive and expensive record keeping by virtually every organization in America with any interest in federal legislation and permitted unparalleled new surveillance of political activities. If the lobby bill is dead, democracy is the winner.

(The Rev.) Barry W. Lynn
Office for Church in Christ
United Church of Christ
Washington, D.C.

The reported ability of a single Washington lobbyist to change legislation dramatically with simple arguments and a single contact on the Hill is unrealistic. A check with TIME's own Washington lobbyists would have provided insight into the complexities of dealing with the Federal Government.

C.T. ("Kip") Howlett Jr.
Springfield, Va.

Contact in and of itself is not enough, say TIME's own lobbyists. It takes facts, figures and a well-argued case to have any influence.

Why don't we just forget about electing representatives of the people and leave the whole bundle of wax to the umpteen thousand lobbyists who seem to be direct-

ing the traffic as it is? We could save ourselves the cost of some 500 Congressmen and their staffs and make a start at reducing the national debt.

Jan Smit
Coconut Grove, Fla.

Mormons and Mormonism

The stability of Mormonism [Aug. 7] is most appealing to those who are experiencing conflict in the home and may be turning to this religion for help. Actually, Mormon families are stable because carefully defined roles have been created and are acted out by each member. Each male is expected to lead, each female to follow, regardless of temperament or capability.

Mormon ideals, however, do not promote warmth and intimacy between marital partners and offspring, despite "forced togetherness," nor do they encourage growth of the individual, open communication or independent thought. Since leaving the Mormon church, my own family is closer, more supportive, more optimistic, and happier as individual and independent human beings.

Jo Robertson
Tampa, Fla.

Writer Ostling states that "the most offensive tenet vanished" from the Mormon religion with the recent acceptance of black males to the priesthood. "Curiouser and curiously," to quote Alice from her Wonderland. Just what is it that makes it more offensive to degrade black men than to degrade all women?

Lynne Bacon
Fort Myers, Fla.

I question Mr. Kimball's inspired revelation about blacks. But was it from God, or was it from the Supreme Court?

David Moore
Fullerton, Calif.

You say that there is no accepted archaeological proof of the Book of Mormon's claim that ancient Jews immigrated to the Americas. According to Cyrus H. Gordon, professor of Hebraic studies at New York University, an inscription found on a stone in a burial mound near Bat Creek in Tennessee shows that Jews reached America more than 1,000 years before Columbus arrived. This may not be enough for the doubting Thomases, but other evidence may yet come to light, and in the meantime, I and my family have a better life because of our devotion to the church.

Richard B. Taylor
Las Vegas

Your article left some impressions which deserve correction. First, to portray Mormon women as oppressed, overburdened and unappreciated is both inaccurate and unfair. Second, you describe church business investments and explain

how income from them is used, without also noting that the church has always paid taxes on such income. Finally, I must admit that references to Mormon liberals who have "deep but carefully concealed doubts" about nonbiblical scriptures bother me. There are skeptics in every religion, and it is fair and proper to report their views, but to stop there, as you did, can be misleading. There are literally millions of Mormons who have put their faith to the test and have found that it fully meets their spiritual as well as practical needs. Let's hear it from some of them too.

J. Mitchell Scott
Lancaster, Pa.

As a Catholic who was fed on Mormon canned goods during Depression years, I would like to thank publicly a maligned and generous group of people.

Catherine Holland
Fullerton, Calif.

The Dropping Dollar

The dollar is dropping [Aug. 7] because demand for the dollar is dropping, because there are too many dollars, because dollars are created by the Federal Reserve, because the U.S. Government spends more dollars than it receives, because Congress passes spending laws, because voters want them.

I.D. Brukes
Houston

Soon, I fear, it will be more than just a touch of whimsy when I say, "I have a yen for the dollar."

Elsa Anderson Kunnat
Weycombe, Pa.

Endangered Species

On behalf of 18 conservation, environmental and animal-welfare organizations, I emphatically deny the statement that environmental groups "accepted reluctantly" the amendments to the Endangered Species Act advocated by Senators Howard Baker and John Culver [July 31].

We have strongly opposed any weakening of that act. This landmark legislation has worked extremely well to resolve more than 5,000 conflicts between federal projects and endangered plants and animals. Senators Baker and Culver want to create a political committee that would decide the fate not just of obscure species like the snail darter, but also of great whales and whooping cranes and any other creature that happens to get in the way of a dam or highway or offshore development.

Craig Van Note
The Monitor Consortium
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



Merlis Broussard, backed by his house and water cistern, after a court fight to increase black political power in Plaquemines

American Scene

In Louisiana: The Legacy of a Parish Boss Lives On

Beyond New Orleans, the Mississippi River winds southward for a hundred miles toward the Gulf of Mexico. The marsh and swampland through which it flows is Plaquemines Parish, La.

The parish is narrow and looks a bit like the toe of boot-shaped Louisiana being dipped into the gulf. Its highest points are the spines of levees that hold back the river and salt marshes from the 10% of the parish that is dry land. The main highway, Louisiana Route 23, hugging the river's west bank, runs past wooden stands where home-grown oranges are sold and small mountain ranges of lemon-colored sulfur waiting to be loaded on ships.

Such a clime, and such a corner of the world, is likely to produce a special type of ruler, and in Plaquemines it did: Leander Perez, cigar-chomping, white-suited boss of the parish for almost half a century. He ruled like an arrogant and protective plantation owner, although he preferred sowing oil leases to crops. He fought federal intervention with Faulknerian tenacity, a battle that began over control of oil reserves and evolved into a crusade against "forced integration," which he saw as the plot of an international Communist conspiracy. Taunted Governor Earl Long: "What are you going to do now, Leander? The Feds have got the atom bomb."

It is almost ten years since Perez died. His old home, "Promised Land," serves as one of the parish's white, private academies, a testament to his failure to prevent integration of the public and parochial schools. Blacks, who constitute 25% of Plaquemines' 25,000 people, now hold many parish jobs; there are even black sheriff's deputies. And the wood shanty bars that dot the highways serve all comers.

But more ways than not, Perez's leg-

acy dominates Plaquemines, an anachronism in the South and an affront to Southerners who like to think that racism has migrated North. Parish-owned Port Sulphur Hospital has segregated waiting rooms. There are two hurricane evacuation plans—one for whites and another for blacks. Joycelyn Mackey, a 29-year-old black, found that out during a hurricane threat in 1975 when she was refused admission to the refugee center at Belle Chasse School and sent to a nearby U.S. Navy station. There are even two bookmobiles, each serving primarily one race.

Leander Perez's power has passed down to one of his sons, 55-year-old Chalin, president of the five-man parish Commission Council. Unlike his flamboyant father, Chalin comes across as a dark-suited conservative lawyer. His is not the voice of a segregationist, but of a typical official with very rich constituents. "We are one of the most overemployed areas in the United States," he says. And it is true that there are plenty of jobs for blacks as well as whites in the oil and sulfur companies, in fishing and orange growing. "We try to maintain the standards of those who are here. Everybody in the country complains about federal regulation. We've resisted federal dollars to avoid federal dictatorship."

But the avoidance of federal money and control is small consolation to people who do not share in the general prosperity. Just upriver from the Freeport Sulphur Co., amid signs advertising ball bondsmen and flood insurance, are the offices of white Attorney Joseph Defley, a former FBI agent who 14 years ago married the sheriff of Plaquemines' daughter and moved down from Chicago. One of his clients is Merlis Broussard, 45, a barrel-chested black construction worker who once helped dig a crayfish pond be-

hind Chalin Perez's new home. They have just won a federal court suit to end the parish's method of selecting council members, which has long kept blacks from exercising political power.

Broussard knows better than anyone the problems of being black in Plaquemines. He was born and still lives in Ironton, an all-black town of 200 nestled against the levee. Ironton has no running water; instead, the parish delivers water by truck to each home once or twice a week. Broussard's wife developed a serious kidney ailment eight years ago, probably from drinking cistern-stored water. Two or three times a week he had to drive her to Charity Hospital in New Orleans. "They lent me a dialysis machine, but I had no water to hook it up. It had to run off my old wooden cistern. Each night I would ride to Lake Hermitage [now Lake Judge Perez] to get water to keep it running. The doctors at Charity tried to get parish officials to help me find a place to live with running water, but none of them lifted a hand." Within a year, the doctors personally raised enough money to buy him a bigger tank and a pump. The day they were to be delivered, his wife died.

Parish officials, who point out that two white towns also lack running water, say it would cost \$200,000 to bring pipes to Ironton. But they recently bought a golf course in a corner of the parish. Asked about these priorities, Chalin Perez replied: "That golf course provides recreation for many people. It's a question of judgment for elected officials to make."

Recently, Plaquemines has had a new minority to deal with. An old wooden shrimp boat, billowing black smoke, pulls into an isolated bayou near the mouth of the river. Laughingly pushing his cousin aside, Phuoc Nguyen, 11, grabs the tie

line and loops two half hitches around a stake on the bank. Phuoc, who has picked up English in the three years he has been in the U.S., translates for his uncle as a white-haired mechanic explains the problem with the carburetor. "How much we owe you?" asks the boy. The mechanic shakes his head, refusing payment. Like many others, he is embarrassed by the way the Vietnamese refugees are being chased out of the parish.

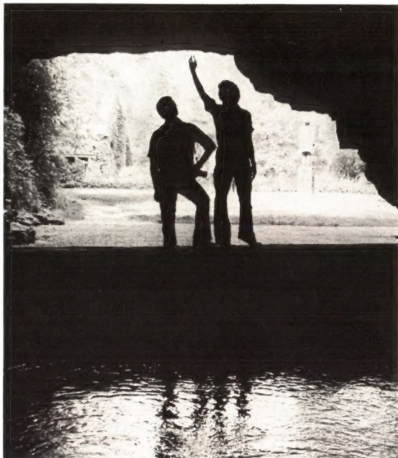
The Vietnamese in Louisiana have taken jobs in shipyards and seafood plants, working as many as 80 hours a week. Some have pooled their money to buy old boats and hoped to make Plaquemines their base. Their welcome has been mixed, partly because they have docked illegally, unable to rent proper space, and failed to follow safety procedures. The fishermen in Plaquemines are naturally protective of their territory. Said one: "It's like having an apple. You'd rather split it four ways than six."

Other residents are more sympathetic. One motel owner arranged mooring space in a small canal she owns, and local volunteers helped move the Vietnamese boats there. But after an explosion, parish officials put pressure on her to have them evicted. As in most things, what really matters is how Chalin Perez feels. Father Michael Haddad, who runs a group that coordinates the resettlement of Vietnamese, says, "Perez is quick to enforce the law but slow to be accommodating."

Van Tran, head of the Vietnamese Fishing Association, is preparing to move his people to nearby Terrebonne Parish, where he hopes officials will be more hospitable. Says Perez: "They don't understand our laws. They fish out of season. There are reports they catch seagulls, pluck them alive, and when they decide to eat them, wring their necks. Dogs—that's one of their favorite foods too. I have a friend who had a setter, and one day he came home and saw the hide sitting right out front. That's their business if they eat dogs, but they shouldn't eat our dogs." As in the case of water for Ironton, Perez refuses to apply for federal grants to help the Vietnamese, because he fears federal controls.

It's a recent Wednesday in Plaquemines. Perez has delayed a Commission Council meeting because he had to appear in a New Orleans court to justify the disqualification of an anti-Perez man from a school-board race. Now a parish helicopter puts him down on the lawn of the old brick courthouse in Point à la Hache. As he strides to his seat on the council dais, under a mounted blue marlin, a commissioner shows him a proposed zoning change. "That's not the way we're going to do it," Perez replies, pulling out a pen. "What they have to do is buy this piece here and start subdividing like this." During the meeting, he reads out his resolutions, adding, almost as an afterthought, "Moved by Mr. Petrovich, seconded by Mr. Kirby and adopted unanimously."

—Walter Isaacson



IN 1962, when the government explored our limestone cave as a bomb shelter, they came up with a dud.

What they found, was a spring of iron-free water that we use for making Jack Daniel's. Of course, it made the cave too damp for storing food. And too cold for storing people. According to the government, our kind of cave made a terrible bomb shelter. But according to our friends, it helps make a perfect sippin' whiskey.

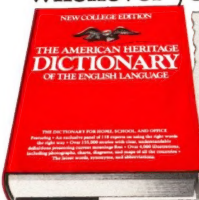


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TIME/AUG. 28, 1978

The Whole World To See

Three balloonists make history

The apparition that graced the skies over France last week looked rather like a giant exclamation point, which was entirely appropriate for the occasion. An enormous silvery balloon—eleven stories high—was sailing majestically through the air at 12 m.p.h., while in a red and yellow gondola below rode three bleary-eyed Americans, their excitement overcoming their exhaustion.

With elephantine dignity, the helium-filled balloon finally landed in a wheat-field in the village of Miserrey, 50 miles west of Paris. By then, hundreds of cars had roared onto the scene, and villagers were sprinting to welcome the trio of adventurers. As they arrived, the Americans popped the cork from a bottle of champagne and began toasting their feat and each other. Ben Abruzzo, 48, Max Anderson, 44, and Larry Newman, 31, all from Albuquerque, had just completed a historic first crossing of the Atlantic by balloon, making the 3,100-mile trip from Presque Isle, Me., to Miserrey in 5 days, 17 hr and 6 min.

The flight gave a lift to American spirits, providing an occasion for some pardonable national pride. The Albuquerque three had openly modeled their adventure after the famous airplane flight of Charles Lindbergh. Their craft was named the *Double Eagle II*, in honor of the Lone Eagle himself. They had wanted to land at Le Bourget, where Lucky Lindy had touched down on May 21, 1927. Though they fell 60 miles short of Le Bourget, they got a welcome reminiscent of the madness that greeted Lindbergh.

Some people in the excited crowd clawed away bits of the gondola and even ripped off pieces of the balloon with their teeth to carry home as souvenirs. The Americans happily squirted the crowd with champagne. Said Abruzzo later: "We were so delighted to be on the ground again that the crowd looked good."

The first attempt to cross the Atlantic by balloon was made in 1873 from New



Riding the wind, *Double Eagle II* soars triumphantly over the French countryside



York City but soon came to grief and earth in the Catskills. In all, some 17 transatlantic tries had been made before last week's successful flight, and seven lives lost. Abruzzo and Anderson themselves tried it last September but had to come down off Iceland, defeated, like the others, by the distance and the weather.

But Abruzzo and Anderson had the skill, experience and equipment to make the voyage. Good friends, they and Newman, a newcomer to ballooning, had spent thousands of hours developing their techniques in Albuquerque, which has become the center of ballooning in the U.S. in part because of its mild weather. All three are experienced aircraft pilots, and Newman, who has 6,000 hours flying time, is qualified to handle an airliner. Since ballooning on this scale is an expensive sport (they estimated the cost of their flight at \$125,000), the fact that all are wealthy also helped. Newman is president of Electra Flyer Corp., one of America's largest hang-glider manufacturing companies. Abruzzo is a land developer who is also president of the Sandia Peak Ski Co. He and Anderson, the president of a uranium and copper mining company, have been ballooning together for years and have had their share of adventures—once clearing Pikes Peak by just 20 ft.

They also have the panache that has always been characteristic of those who trust their lives to the winds and their wits. While passing over a mountain in Maine last September, Abruzzo began yodeling through an old brass megaphone on the pleasant theory that he could tell from the echoes how close they were to danger.

Their craft was a thing of beauty—a 160,000-cu.-ft. balloon, 65 ft. in diameter and 97 ft. high. It had a 17-ft. by 6½-ft. by 6-ft. gondola that was built, with a realism if not fatalistic approach, with a twin-hulled catamaran that would float if the need arose.

At 8:43 p.m. on Friday, Aug. 11, acting on the advice of meteorologists, the trio lifted off from Presque Isle—and nearly crashed. Hitting a pocket of warm, light air, the balloon dipped sharply down over a gravel pit before recovering. By Monday evening, with all going well, the balloonists were 600 miles northeast of St. John's, Newfoundland, flying at 15,000 ft. The temperature was down to zero in the gondola, but angora long johns and a portable heater kept the men from suffering frostbite. Their menus, chosen by their wives, consisted of a breakfast of hot coffee or cocoa with doughnuts and raisins; high-protein sardines and hot dogs later in the day; and plenty of vitamins.

On Tuesday afternoon, some 1,000 miles from Ireland, gales lifted the balloon to nearly 20,000 ft., and the men were forced to don oxygen masks. The next day heavy ice forming on the balloon pushed it down to 4,000 ft. before the afternoon sun melted the frosty coating and saved the expedition.

As the balloon neared the British



After the landing in Miserey, jubilant crowds surround the balloon and grab for souvenirs

Isles, the winds died, and fearing the balloon might drop into the sea, American rescue planes were sent up. But a breeze freshened, and the crew caught a dizzying glimpse of Ireland through the clouds as they crossed over the tiny port of Louisburgh in County Mayo. Once they had traversed Wales and crossed the English Channel to the French coast, the men on *Double Eagle II* found themselves the center of a flock of light airplanes and helicopters that whizzed by in salute and formed an honor guard to escort them the rest of the way. One plane carried the three balloonists' wives, who waved frantically and blew kisses to their husbands. By this time, the adventurers had tossed most of their ballast overboard, including the computers that had helped them navigate and much of the elaborate radio gear that they had used to keep in close touch with monitors back on land.

Rescued from the cheerfully destructive crowd at Miserey, the Americans were whisked to Paris, where they were lionized by French officials ("a new bridge between America and France") and invited to spend the night at the American ambassador's residence. Newman won the toss and got to sleep in the same bed

that Lindbergh had used after his flight.

Why spend \$125,000 to cover the same ground in six days that thousands of airline passengers travel every week in a few hours? At a press conference, Abruzzo talked in much the same terms that explorers have used for centuries: "Unless frontiers are challenged from time to time—whether they be flying a balloon, breaking an altitude record in a plane or writing a fine piece of literature—we don't move forward as a society." And Anderson described the lure of ballooning: "There are no books or music up there, but there is the whole world to see. It's completely silent, and you move with the clouds. When you come over land, you are standing on a balcony, and the world going by underneath you is such a magnificent sight that you have to force yourself to sleep when it is time to do so."

What next? Why, to build a new balloon and circumnavigate the world. By soaring higher and ghosting along on stronger winds, Abruzzo figures that the trio might be able to do Jules Verne one better—in fact 50 days better—going around the world in 30 days. That dream itself provides a marvelous end to a marvelous adventure.



Anderson, Abruzzo and Newman celebrate the successful end of their epic voyage. A welcome reminiscent of the madness that greeted Lindbergh.



President Carter announcing veto of military procurement bill at press conference

Carter Fires a Salvo

He hands Congress a veto—and threatens more

"A veto is a prerogative that a President is given under the Constitution. It is not an abnormal authority. It is one that should be a routine part of the interrelationship between the White House and Capitol Hill. And it is not only a pleasure to have that authority to make my own leverage more effective, but it is a duty that falls on me."

With that defiant challenge to his antagonists in Congress, Jimmy Carter vetoed his first major bill last week—only the fifth time he has exercised this power since he became President 19 months ago. He also warned that there might be more vetoes to follow; and there were ample indications that he planned to use all the other political weapons in the presidential arsenal to make Congress do his bidding. A tougher, more aggressive President was clearly emerging; his subordinates were threatening rebellious members of Congress with a loss of patronage and a withdrawal of crucial assistance in their re-election campaigns. "There is a misreading up on Capitol Hill," said a senior White House aide, justifying the presidential shift. "A lot of people in Congress don't think Carter is a strong President. A veto like this is traumatic, but it will help us in the long run."

Carter carefully chose his ground for making a stand. He did not really have to veto the \$37 billion military procurement bill, which was an authorization for spending, not a final appropriation. He could have bar-

gained with Congress for what he wanted before the final bill was passed. But he was determined to make a public issue out of the \$2 billion nuclear aircraft carrier that Congress had included in the bill over his objections.

Claiming that a fifth such carrier was not needed, he maintained that its huge

cost would divert funds needed for the buildup of NATO forces. The nuclear carrier, he said, would "waste the resources available for defense and weaken our nation's military capabilities in the future." Congressional leaders seemed to agree that he was right. They predicted that, despite the lobbying for the carrier by Carter's onetime mentor Hyman Rickover and other admirals, the veto would be sustained. Said House Majority Leader James Wright: "I voted for that carrier, but I thought the President made a good case." Agreed Liberal Democrat Morris Udall: "The big carrier has been a kind of sacred cow, and I credit the President with wise leadership on this."

In his press conference last week, Carter cited other bills as likely candidates for a veto. The most important is the \$16.3 billion tax cut passed by the House earlier this month. If that reduction is increased by the Senate, or if higher income groups get most of the benefits, Carter said, he would "have no hesitation about vetoing it." White House aides are now engaged in quiet negotiations with Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long, who favors a bigger tax cut. As one Administration official says: "I don't think anyone can tell you what Russell will do in the end."

Another bill in danger of a veto is the appropriation for the nation's various water projects. Despite outcries of protest from Western states, Carter is expected to veto the appropriation when it reaches his desk next month. Yet another endangered bill is the tax credit for the parents of college students that the Senate voted last week.

Carter's combativeness—if it works—comes none too soon. Last week brought the usual quota of bad news for the President. He slipped to another alltime low in the polls. An ABC-Louis Harris survey showed that by 69% to 30% voters did not approve of the job he was doing. Headshaking spread from Capitol Hill to Carter's own staffers, and a certain malaise seemed to set in. There were rumors in Washington, in fact, that Carter might decide not to run again.

But the President was not giving his subordinates much time to brood last week. To get his cherished civil service reform bill through Congress, he enlisted the aid of every Cabinet member, no one was exempt. A kind of "friends list" had been drawn up, matching each Cabinet secretary with members of Congress he might be able to influence on certain bills. That way the Cabinet official could be held accountable for particular lawmakers' votes. Republican Representative John Anderson was startled to receive a call from Secretary of State Cyrus Vance urging him to vote to limit veterans' preference in the civil service bill. Many members of Congress, however, considered these tactics a case of presidential



Nuclear aircraft carrier Eisenhower with Carter aboard
Another vessel would "waste the resources available."

Nation

overkill. The measure has already been watered down, and the federal bureaucracy is notoriously impervious to any presidential directive for change. The bill is currently stalled because the federal labor unions are insisting on more liberal bargaining rights. Carter refuses to give in for fear of losing his Republican supporters. The House adjourned for summer recess last week, and the Senate is scheduled to leave at the end of next week. So Congress will not be able to consider the bill until returning after Labor Day. But the White House remains confident that an acceptable bill will be signed into law before the session ends in October.

To convince Congress that Carter means business, some Administration officials are making outright threats of political retaliation. At breakfast with a group of reporters last week, Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland said he had prepared a hit list of Democrats in Congress who would be punished for thwarting the President. "This isn't reprisals," explained Bergland. "It's old-fashioned political discipline." Bergland did not name any particular offenders, but he had a small number of Democrats in mind, including Congressmen Richard Nolan of Minnesota and Glenn English of Oklahoma, both of whom infuriated the White House by ardently championing the farm strike leaders last winter. One step Bergland may take is to reject the people Congressmen want appointed to the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, a rich source of patronage on the Hill.

The Democratic National Committee has been encouraged by the White House to withhold funds and assistance from rebellious Democrats who are up for re-election. One target is Illinois Representative Martin Russo, who voted against Carter's hospital cost containment bill. "He'll get nothing, absolutely nothing," declares an Administration official. The White House also canceled an appearance of Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps at a seminar sponsored by Russo. "This is absolutely stupid," complains the Congressman. "They're hurting themselves more than they're hurting me. Carter lost my district in 1976, and this was the Administration's chance to get its point of view across to a lot of businessmen."

Questioned about such measures at his press conference, the President denied that he was using an enemies' list. "It is not part of my nature, and it would be counterproductive if I attempted to do it," he said. Carter, in fact, has been inviting members of Congress to play tennis with him or join him for a movie or lunch at the White House. Nonetheless, there was distinct uneasiness on the Hill over the prospect of losing patronage.

The President could take comfort in two congressional votes last week:

► During a Thursday-night meeting with a group of stalled House-Senate conferees,

he warned that any more delay on energy legislation would dangerously weaken the U.S. dollar. As a result, a majority agreed to vote for a compromise that will allow a gradual rise in the price of natural gas until controls are removed altogether in 1985. Said the President: "This is a major step forward under the most difficult of circumstances." Now the bill will be returned to the Senate. There it faces a likely filibuster by liberals who feel the compromise will prove too costly to consumers.

► By an unexpectedly wide margin of 233 to 189, the House voted to extend the March 1979 deadline for the ratification of the ERA—which Carter strongly supports—for another three years and three months. The House also voted 227 to 196 not to allow states to rescind their ap-

proval of ERA during the extension period. But the battle is far from over, since the amendment faces a filibuster in the Senate, which may prevent a vote before the end of the session. "Why are we going through this agony and ecstasy?" asked Mississippi Representative Trent Lott during debate. "Women have been going through the agony and ecstasy all their lives," replied Barbara Jordan to the applause of the galleries; "and we will continue to go through it until ERA is part of the Constitution."



Carter mingling with well-wishers at airport in Columbia, Mo., before addressing farmers

"These lobbyists care nothing about the national interest—as long as they get theirs."

proval of ERA during the extension period. But the battle is far from over, since the amendment faces a filibuster in the Senate, which may prevent a vote before the end of the session. "Why are we going through this agony and ecstasy?" asked Mississippi Representative Trent Lott during debate. "Women have been going through the agony and ecstasy all their lives," replied Barbara Jordan to the applause of the galleries; "and we will continue to go through it until ERA is part of the Constitution."

In the midst of his conflicts with Congress, Carter was already looking beyond Washington to the voters he knows he must reach. Last week he flew to Columbia, Mo., to address some 5,000 members of the Midcontinent Farmers Association, a powerful Midwestern cooperative. The President reminded his audience that prices for their products

had risen because of federal support programs, and he promised that quotas on imported beef would not be increased this year. Then he asked for the farmers' support for his programs. Invoking the name of native son Harry Truman, Carter declared: "The fight against inflation becomes nearly impossible when the pressures of special interest lobbyists are successful. These lobbyists care nothing about the national interest—as long as they get theirs. We will never win the fight against inflation unless we help the Congress to resist these pressures."

At the end of his speech, he vaulted over a fence to plunge into a crowd of well-wishers, while his anxious Secret Service guards tried to catch up as best they could. As people applauded, cheered and

reached for the President's outstretched hand, it was clear that Carter had patched up at least some of his problems with farmers in this part of the country.

He will get a chance to mend other badly neglected fences during the two-week vacation that he began last Friday. He was scheduled to spend four days at his home in Plains, Ga., a visit that is intended to remind disgruntled Southerners that he is one of them. Then he goes west to Idaho for some rafting on the Salmon River and to Wyoming for some hiking around Jackson Hole. On his return, he must prepare for his summit conference with Israeli Premier Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. In his talks with these two shrewd visitors, his new-found toughness will be put to its hardest test. If the conference is a moderate success, Carter may reverse his decline in public esteem. If not, his future may be gray indeed. ■

Nation

"I Did Not Shoot King"

Ray gets his hearing, but a committee turns critical

For a decade, James Earl Ray has claimed that new evidence would nullify his own confession and prove his innocence of the murder of Martin Luther King—if only he could present it at a trial. For more than a year, staff members of the House Select Committee on Assassinations have hinted that they were developing evidence of a conspiracy to murder King. But when the imprisoned killer and the committee finally faced each other in a dramatic televised public hearing last week, Ray stood convicted as convincingly as ever of being the lone gunman who had stalked his prey across

King. Ray stuck to his claim that he had been framed by an elusive stranger named Raoul, whom he had met in a Montreal bar after escaping from a prison in Jefferson City, Mo., on April 23, 1967. It was Raoul, Ray insisted, who asked him to buy a telescopic-sighted rifle in Birmingham and a pair of binoculars in Memphis—and it was Raoul who must have left them near the scene of the shooting, well marked with Ray's fingerprints.

At the time of the murder, Ray said, he was not even in the rooming house from which the shots were fired. Where

spirator working with unknown others to kill King but let Ray take the punishment. Offering no evidence, Ray implied that Raoul may have been working with the FBI.

Ray offered various reasons for having pleaded guilty. He said one of his first attorneys, Percy Foreman, convinced him that he would face the death penalty if he went to trial; that both Foreman and Ray had a financial interest in keeping the public from hearing Ray's story until it was first told in a book by William Bradford Huie; and that Ray's father, who Ray said had escaped from prison in the 1920s, would probably be returned to prison if Ray fought the Government's indictment. According to Ray, Foreman said Ray's brother Jerry might also have been charged as a co-conspirator in the King slaying. The committee members poked small but significant holes in Ray's story. Ray insisted that when he left Los Angeles in March 1968, he had not decided to go to Atlanta, where King lived. The committee produced a change-of-address card mailed in Los Angeles asking that Ray's mail be forwarded to general delivery, Atlanta. Similarly, Ray claimed he was not pursuing King in Atlanta on April 1 of that year, but the committee introduced an Atlanta laundry slip for that date bearing the name of the alias Ray had been using. Another example: asked why only his fingerprints appeared on the rifle found near the Memphis rooming house after the murder, Ray contended that Raoul must have covered his own fingers with Band-Aids while inspecting the gun—but Ray admitted that he did not notice any such tapes on Raoul's hands at the time.

The most sensational disclosure by the committee, if true, was highly damaging to Ray. The committee read a staff interview with former Chief Inspector Alexander Eist of Scotland Yard, who had guarded Ray after his arrest in England. Eist said that in informal chats Ray had admitted killing King. He quoted Ray as saying, "I panicked [when he saw a police car near the Memphis rooming house] and I threw the gun away. It was the only mistake I made." Eist said Ray bragged of being able to make as much as "a half-million dollars" through television appearances and writing books about the slaying. But Eist's credibility came under assault from Lane, who said he had just learned that Eist had been dismissed from Scotland Yard and charged with perjury and bribery in a jewel-theft case. In fact, Eist was tried in 1976 on charges of perverting justice and conspiracy to commit corruption, but was acquitted.

The committee intends to recall Ray in November for further questioning. But so far the hearings showed that despite the years of controversy and investigation—this one cost roughly \$4 million—there is no evidence linking Ray to a broader conspiracy to assassinate King. ■



Counsel Mark Lane and James Earl Ray at witness table in Washington

"As a fugitive, I tried to stay away from police."

three Southern states and fired the fatal shot in Memphis on April 4, 1968.

Ray's three-day appearance in a jammed House hearing room, guarded by 30 U.S. marshals, was nonetheless enlightening. Understandably jittery upon emerging from seclusion into the glare of Washington publicity, the scrawny ex-holdup man stumbled almost incoherently through a 90-minute statement that he had written himself. But as the more skeptical committee members questioned Ray, he turned out to be a patient, polite and cooperative, if unpersuasive witness. By contrast, his attorney, professional Conspiracy Theorist Mark Lane, loaded his frequent objections to the questioning with such sneering sarcasm that he angered even the most sympathetic members of the committee.

"I did not shoot Martin Luther King," Ray insisted in his statement. Instead of revealing new evidence of a plot to kill

was he? "I believe I was at a gas station," he said. "Or I may have been driving around in my car." Under questioning, Ray could not provide the name of the station where he said he had tried to get a leaky tire repaired, and he was unsure of its location. Although claiming to be innocent of the murder, he said he fled Memphis in his white Mustang when he saw unusual police activity near the rooming house shortly after the shooting. "As a fugitive, I tried to stay away from police," he explained with a wry smile.

Committee Chairman Louis Stokes, who had predicted that Ray would be killed by fellow conspirators during his escape from Brushy Mountain state prison in Tennessee last summer, now led the critical questioning of Ray. Why had he not tried harder to help his lawyers find Raoul? "I thought he would probably testify against me," said Ray. The answer fit Ray's contention that Raoul was a con-



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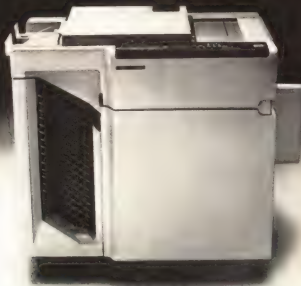
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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Nixon as Grandfather

The empty helicopter pad is a forlorn reminder of power brutally rescinded. The scraggly-haired surfers shoulder their boards in the morning sun and scuff down the nearby path to their emerald waves, unmindful of Richard Nixon, who stirs beyond the fence in the skeletal complex that used to be the West-ern White House.

Though he does not now possess power, he still studies, thinks about it. Almost as if by instinct rather than command, his mind seizes on new information and assembles it into strategies and tactics for international and domestic leadership.

"The past is past," muses Nixon, seated as if forever behind a clean desk, the long, lonely horizon of the Pacific beyond him. "I'm not thinking of any political future. That is nonsense." Indeed, for the moment he is thinking about his 9-lb. 4-oz. granddaughter Jennie Eisenhower, born just three days earlier. He arranges by phone with her mother Julie for an evening visit. "We're elated," he says, and seems to be. "We're going to do our share of baby-sitting. I'll do almost anything but the 2 a.m. feeding. If I ever wake up I can't get back to sleep."

But the world beyond San Clemente and his family is still very central to Nixon's being. "I share the concern of many people in both parties and some national commentators regarding the deterioration of the American leadership position in the world," he says. But Nixon for the time being at least avoids direct public criticism of anyone in high office. He will begin to speak out more in the fall. He is planning a few speeches, and he has been invited by many foreign countries to come and visit.

He will go abroad soon, possessed as he still is at age 65 with the desire to savor far-away places. He will not go to the fragile Middle East, nor in his lectures will he ever "lob something in where sensitive matters are being negotiated. I do not intend to say or do anything to give President Carter a hard time."

He is now at work on his next book. It will be about the future, what old lessons tell him about the next 20 years, how America must and can retain its world leadership, maintain its economic strength. He will write about the role of the presidency, enlarging on his feeling that the institution is not going to be dramatically changed and that Presidents must make the office as it is and determine events with their personal skills. When he



Grandfather and father at hospital

wrote the current book, *RN*, of which 300,000 copies are now in print, the former President dictated 1.5 million words about events of his political life and his thoughts about them. They were boiled down to about 500,000 words. From the mass of unused material, Nixon is now extracting, polishing and adding to make the new volume, which will be only about one-fifth the size of *RN*.

The new grandfather's face is collecting wrinkles. There is more gray at his temples. He has thickened a little at the waist. But there is energy in his eyes and his movements, a mental vigor that seems untouched by the savage season of Watergate. One concludes that Nixon looks his guest in the eye more directly, more confidently and with less of the familiar lid fluttering that sometimes marred his human encounters years ago in the White House.

He is helping Julie with her book on her mother, and David is at work on a biography of his grandfather. It is a world of words at San Clemente for the time being. Nixon relishes having the spare time at last for such things, and for just reading and thinking, contemplating events instead of reacting instantly to them. He has even worked out a Nixon rule of knowledge for Presidents: "Knowing a little about everything won't work. Knowing a great deal about important things is essential."

The country has weighed the tragedy of Richard Nixon. One sometimes wonders if there is not another dimension to that disaster that one some day get more attention—the loss of a man to the world, by his own doing, a man who understood the men, the ingredients, the glory, the brutality, the action and reaction of power as well as anyone else of our time.

Fast Start for The Democrats

Wait till next time, says G.O.P.

If ever the Republicans had a chance to make political capital," says California Pollster Mervin Field, "it is now." With the latest polls showing that only 30% of the voters approve of Jimmy Carter's performance in office, the Republicans might be expected to exploit such traditional issues as high taxes and Government spending as a means of winning the coming congressional elections. Yet all across the country, Democrats are displaying considerable strength at the mid-summer point in congressional races. Indeed a recent Gallup poll found that Americans by 59% to 41% planned to vote for Democratic congressional candidates over Republicans. In Washington, moreover, top officials of both parties foresee no major Republican comeback in either the House or the Senate this fall. Democrats now control the House by 287 seats to 146 and the Senate by 62 to 38. Both sides' predictions of the outcome in November are close. Republican Party officials expect to pick up fewer than 15 seats in the House and none in the Senate. Democratic Party leaders expect to lose no more than twelve in the House and to gain one or two in the Senate.

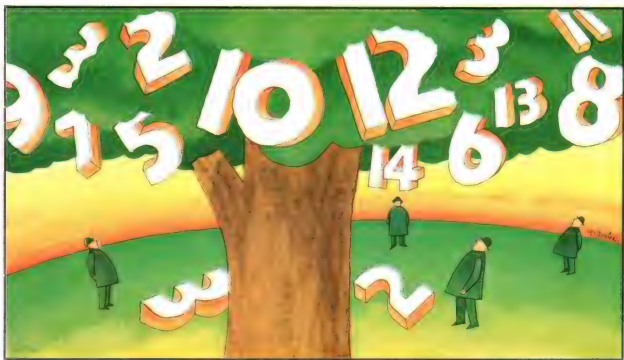
The weakness of the Republicans surprises a number of political analysts who cite the historical pattern of midterm gains by the party that does not control the White House. Actually, however, the big off-year gains by the opposition party have generally been made during the incumbent President's second term, not during his first. Moreover, the Democrats have a number of important factors working in their favor:

► Most Democratic candidates are managing to keep voters from connecting them with the faltering President. In New Jersey, for instance, Senate Nominee Bill Bradley has been describing Carter as "well intentioned but ineffective." Says a New York Democratic operative: "Fortunately for us, I don't think Carter's problems are transferable to other Democratic candidates at either state or congressional levels."

► The Democrats have in many cases usurped the Republicans' traditional positions in favor of lower taxes and less Government spending. As Tennessee Politician Shelton Edwards once observed: "The way to get somewhere in politics is to find a crowd that's going some place and get in front of it." Conservative G.O.P. Strategist Lyn Nofziger grudgingly praises Democrats like California Governor Jerry Brown, who first opposed, then capitalized on his state's property tax revolt. Says Nofziger: "The Democrats are very fast to get in front on such an issue."

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Nation

Many Republicans will just sit there and whine about it."

► Incumbents running for re-election—most of them are Democrats—start out with an enormous advantage. They already have trained staffs, are better known and can raise money more easily than their opponents. Says Detroit Pollster Robert Teeter: "Any incumbent Congressman who loses deserves it." According to Political Scientist Vincent Naramore of St. Michael's College in Winoski, Vt., statistics indicate that incumbents have only a 10% chance of losing.

► Americans generally vote for the party rather than for the candidate in midterm elections. This trend helps the Democrats because 45% of the registered voters iden-

tify themselves as members of the Democratic Party; only 22% are registered as Republicans (up from 19% four years ago).

To keep this fall's congressional elections from being interpreted as a Republican defeat, G.O.P. National Chairman William Brock is going to great lengths to point out his party's modest expectations. Republicans, he says, are concentrating their money and energy on local races, where they forecast a net gain of six governorships and 250 seats in the state legislatures. He adds: "What we're trying to do is restore our party's base so we can go into 1980 with lots of enthusiasm and momentum." In other words: wait till next time. ■



The steel frame of the Senate's new office looms on Constitution Avenue

"Getting down to the business of tit-for-tat, it could go from bad to worse."

Mussolini Style

The Senate plans a palace

Originally, back in 1972, it was to cost a mere \$47.9 million. So far, \$85 million has been appropriated (and \$16 million spent). Earlier this month, the Senate voted to impose a ceiling of \$135 million on the project. But opponents claim that the eventual cost will be \$200 million. That would make the Senate's new palace the most expensive Government office building ever created.

There is nothing yet to show for all the expense except for a nine-story welded-steel skeleton. But the plans for the Philip A. Hart Senate Office Building (the Senate's third such building) call for:

- Suites for 50 Senators, with two bathrooms per suite, 16-ft. ceilings and teak and cherry wood paneling. (The paneling alone will cost \$1.5 million.)
- A two-story "multimedia" room large enough for simultaneous committee hearings at both ends. There are special TV anchorman booths and a special elevator for electronic equipment.
- A new gymnasium, twice the size of the

gyms in the nearby Dirksen and Russell Senate office buildings. According to Senator William Proxmire, the Dirksen gym is used regularly by only four Senators, and "stands idle all day long."

- A senatorial tennis court atop an adjoining wing.
- A rooftop restaurant seating 100 for Senators, their guests and top aides.
- An atrium with a large sculpture by Alexander Calder.

On August 4, Freshman Republican John Chafee of Rhode Island called on his Senate colleagues to vote down any further appropriations for the project. Said he: "That Mussolini-style building is an outrage." The Senate defeated his proposal by a vote of 49 to 25. Aside from the attractions of extravagance and the power of bureaucratic inertia, supporters of the building argued that it was required because of the threefold increase in the Senate staff since the last Senate offices were constructed 20 years ago. This increase, they said, was due largely to the Senate's efforts to build up its own staff in order to keep abreast of the actions of the Executive Branch.

Last week the House of Representatives suddenly intervened. It was routine-

ly considering an appropriations bill for \$7.17 billion in construction projects (including another \$54 million for the Senate office building) when an obscure Idaho Republican, Steven D. Symms, took the floor. Defying the ancient Washington tradition known as comity, by which each House takes care of its own business, Symms declared that the time had come to stop the project.

He demanded a roll-call vote on this proposal, and to the dismay of congressional leaders the measure carried by a solid 245 to 153. "There's an election coming up," explained Wisconsin Democrat Les Aspin. "People are trying to cut spending and there's been a lot of bad publicity about that building."

What did the Senate have to say about that? Nothing official, but Majority Leader Robert Byrd was described by a Senate aide as "on fire." Said Byrd himself: "When we get into the business of tit for tat, it could go from bad to worse." The House leadership tried to sound reassuring. One Congressman said scornfully that "the bed wetters among us are notoriously bothered right now." An aide to Speaker Tip O'Neill predicted that the matter would soon be added to some new piece of legislation and that the vote would be reversed. If that happens, construction of the great marble building can continue unimpeded. ■

On the Verge

Cleveland's troubles grow

Two brief police strikes, a wildcat walk-out by municipal mechanics, 23 vetoes of city council legislation, continual scrambles to meet employee payrolls—it's been a tough nine months for Cleveland and Dennis Kucinich, 31, the nation's youngest big-city mayor. Last week it got tougher yet.

Cleveland had to decide whether or not to retain the mayor with the face of a clever schoolboy and the bite of a barracuda. The recall election was forced by Kucinich's enemies, who issued their challenge after he had fired popular Police Chief Richard Hongisto. Battling for his job, Kucinich claimed he was being hounded by "the bosses" because he fought for "the people." He won—barely. With fewer than half of the voters going to the polls, the mayor's strongholds among the white working-class ethnics, carried the day by 236 votes, 60,250 to 60,014. After his victory speech, Kucinich emerged from the Bondcourt Hall waving a banner emblazoned: I SURVIVED THE RECALL OF 1978.

The question is, will Cleveland? Kucinich has been boycotting meetings of the city council, which has feuded with him so bitterly that the council president once ordered the mayor's microphone disconnected. Although Cleveland is one of the largest centers of corporate headquarters,

Nation

Kucinich has alienated business by accusing bankers of precipitating the city's credit crisis and by opposing tax abatements to companies that have proposed major downtown developments. The recall fight also aggravated longstanding racial problems. Kucinich supporters inflamed black leaders by distributing pictures of black City Council President George Forbes in white neighborhoods and saying that he would be the next mayor if they didn't vote for Kucinich.

Says Cuyahoga County Democratic Chairman Timothy Hagen: "This city is on the verge of a nervous breakdown." The bad situation, which Kucinich inherited, is deteriorating. Some symptoms:

- The city is having trouble raising money. Last month the Cleveland Trust Co. refused to refinance some \$7.8 million worth of notes. Another \$15.5 million could come due in December. Standard & Poor's has suspended Cleveland's credit rating, and the state auditor declared the city's books so scrambled that they could not be audited.

- Public services have faltered. As the *Plain Dealer* puts it, Cleveland has two categories of garbage trucks: those that can make it to the dump and those that can't. And the city still has no police chief.

- Because of his stance against Big Business, Kucinich refuses to let the city sell the municipal power company—known as Muny Light—as planned by the previous administration. The struggling utility owes \$17.5 million to Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co., a private firm, and

is under court order to pay \$14.9 million by the end of the year. ► A federal court has postponed a massive school desegregation order for this fall because the Cleveland system is so broke it has no money for buses. Last week the school board president of ten years resigned.



Mayor Kucinich

All bad enough, but Cleveland's biggest crisis may be one of leadership. "It is my challenge to convert my critics," said Kucinich after beating the recall. That's a large order, since leaders of the Republican Party, of his own Democratic Party and of the black community, as well as 24 out of 33 city councilmen, the Teamsters Union and the Cleveland A.F.L.-C.I.O. called for Kucinich's removal. The mayor has hinted that he will make changes in his brash young staff and will also start acting more conciliatory. Preaches he: "Let us work to achieve a new era of good feeling, with malice toward none, with charity toward all..."

Meanwhile, as the joke goes, what's the difference between Cleveland and the *Titanic*? Cleveland has a better orchestra. ■

Bugs vs. Man, Beasts and Crops

This summer the pests are the worst in years



Grasshopper at work in Texas

The small brown moths darkened the skies in Maine's mountain country in early July, cutting visibility at times to less than 300 yds. Motorists who left the windows of parked cars open near Presque Isle had to beat away the insects to get back behind the wheel. Since then, the moths have dropped eggs in massive quantities, and tiny quarter-inch-long spruce budworms are now eating their way through 150 million acres of forests in Maine and southeastern Canada. Evergreen spruce and fir trees stand brown and naked in the summer sun.

A short distance to the southwest, the worst tent caterpillar infestation in 25 years has already chewed up 40,000 acres of maple and other hardwood forests in the state of Vermont. Yet Vermont foresters consider themselves fortunate. Some mysterious disease seems to be killing off the caterpillars—bugs eating bugs—and earlier estimates that the damage would spread to some 100,000 acres may not prove true.

Insects are a problem every summer, but this year across the U.S. the plague of insects is one of the most intense and varied in years. The worst grasshopper attack in two decades has moved south through the Plains states into Texas, turning millions of acres of green crops into wastelands. In north central Texas, the grasshoppers attacked peach trees so voraciously that little but

the exposed pests remain clinging to half-eaten branches.

Screwworms have been infecting cattle in all of Arizona, as well as in much of neighboring New Mexico, producing the most serious threat to ranchers there in five years. The worms keep the beef cattle lean, and infected portions of the animals cannot be sold. At the same time, Arizona homeowners are fighting an unusual abundance of black widow spiders, inspiring neighborly nighttime forays in which residents chase the invaders with flashlights, sticks and sprays.

In California, the lygus bug invaded cotton fields of the San Joaquin Valley. Worried farmers attacked with insecticides, but the spray killed the natural predators of bollworms. Now the lygus bug is fading, while the bollworm is on the march. University of California at Berkeley Entomologist Robert van den Bosch blames "insecticide salesmen hustling their products" and the "stupidity" of an indiscriminating use of pesticides for aggravating the problem.

On a lesser scale, three kinds of insects are attacking sweet corn in Maryland and Pennsylvania: the fall army worm, the corn-eat worm and the European corn borer. Ironically, the corn has been so lush this year that sprays used to combat the worms do not fully penetrate the thick foliage. Pest controllers estimate that Maryland farmers could lose up to 75% of their corn crops.

The stinkbug, a hard-shelled black-and-orange insect, has startled residents of some Rocky Mountain towns in Colorado by blackening the streets with hordes that give off a musty odor. The mountain pine beetle is assaulting trees from nearby Wyoming south to New Mexico. The leaf roller is defoliating birches in Alaska, while the gypsy moth has been munching leaves in New York. In Florida a relatively new threat, the citrus black fly, which first turned up near Fort Lauderdale in 1976, is now being fought with stingless wasps—imported from Mexico—and with the chemical acephate. The perennial itch called the mosquito has bred such powerful specimens in Minnesota that wags have started calling it the state bird.

While many a city resident may have found the proliferation of mosquitoes, ants, moths, spiders and flies acutely irritating this summer, the overall damage to agriculture, except for the continuing grasshopper infestation, has not yet been great. The U.S. Agriculture Department this month predicted bumper grain crops not only for the U.S., but for much of the



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Hound Dog Days in Memphis

A city survives labor turmoil and Presley mourners

Memphis, summer 1978. A steamy day in the pleasant but tired Southern town, nestled in a bend of the Mississippi, that gave America the blues, W.C. Handy and Beale Street, Holiday Inns and Piggly Wiggly supermarkets. And Elvis Presley.

It is a year since Elvis' death, and mourners are making the pilgrimage to Memphis and the grave of the rock king at his mansion known as Graceland. But

the streets are eerily quiet as the evening advances. Only the buzzing of summer locusts in the crape myrtle trees breaks the silence. The police have been on strike for six days, and Mayor W. A. Rife, declaring a "state of civil emergency," has imposed a dusk to dawn curfew.

The mood has been bizarre all week long as the Presley fans arrive in a city that seems to be coming apart. Trash is lying in the streets because sanitation workers stay off for a day, honoring police picket lines. Most of the firemen are also out on strike, and both they and the police are ignoring court orders to return to work. The schools are scheduled to open later in the week, but the teachers say they will not cross any picket lines. The mayor has called out the National Guard, costing the city \$70,000 a day. Armed with M-16 rifles, bayonets fixed, soldiers are patrolling the city—or pitching horseshoes down at the armory to kill time.

In such a setting it does not seem strange that the street lights should suddenly go out at 12:33 a.m. on Wednesday, the anniversary day, or that air-conditioning units straining against the muggy night air should go silent. Richard David Hyder, 29, a private security guard paid to protect an electricity substation, has come to work at midnight after taking a few drinks. For reasons of his own he has flipped a bank of switches. For three hours, until power is restored, there is scattered looting of liquor stores, as sheriff's deputies, National Guardsmen and nonstriking city police supervisors try to keep order. At a dark-

ened local hospital, a child is delivered by flashlight.

The strikes and the curfew have persuaded some Elvis fans to stay home, but the hotels are still nearly 80% full (they had been booked solid for weeks in advance), and about 100,000 admirers have come to Memphis from the nearby dirt farms and even from as far away as Japan.

On Wednesday morning, a Gray Line tour bus pulls out of a Holiday Inn and the guide, 21-year-old Diane Picara, boasts of the anniversary: "You are making history today." Her bus includes half a dozen Canadians and a few Norwegians.



National Guardsman protecting firehouse
Some pitched horseshoes to kill time.



Striking policemen rally at city hall
Ignoring court orders to return to work.

infants, and grandmothers. But mostly there are middle-aged, middle-American women, wearing shorts or double-knit slacks. Their hair is bouffant or stiffly curled. Diane points out the Loews Palace cinema "where Elvis was fired from his first job for fighting another usher over the girl who sold popcorn." There are "ooohs" and "aaahs" mixed with the click-flash-buzz of Polaroids and Instamatics. The bus makes twelve more stops in the hour and a half before reaching Graceland, and all of them have a poignant meaning for the fans. They see the boarded-up men's shop on Beale Street where Elvis bought his first sequined suit. They see Nathan Novick's pawnshop, where he got his first guitar at the age of eleven. They stop at St. Joseph Hospital, where his mother worked as a nurse's aide, and the public housing apartment on Exchange Street where the family lived. When they stop at

on the grounds has turned into a "Wall of Love," covered with scrawled messages from admirers. Some of the fans have patiently endured the three-hour wait every day for a week so they can again and again walk up the shaded driveway, past rows of huge flower arrangements sent from all over the world, to the bronze plaque marking Presley's grave. They pass by at a rate of about 1,200 an hour. "Just being close makes me feel good," says Fay Matheny, 34, a factory worker from Richmond, Va. Karen Christ, 30, of Canton, Ohio, calls the ground "impressive, hallowed," and laments that people "have pulled off bark and written on tree trunks with red pens." Among the many flowers is a pink teddy bear pinned with a note reading: "My love for Elvis lives on."

There are a few wet eyes, but no hysteria, in the crowd that is almost entirely white and middle class. The peo-



The approach to Graceland mansion festooned with notes, wreaths and flowers

Humes High School, Diane says: "Can't you just imagine a 16-year-old Elvis walking through the doors every day in a pink shirt with those blue eyes?" They can indeed. And they stop at Baptist Memorial Hospital, where Presley was pronounced dead.

Along the way, Diane quizzes the group on Elvis trivia: "What was the third television show he appeared on?" Everyone seems to know: "The Ed Sullivan Show!" Diane asks another: "What was the song Elvis sang at a state fair in Tupelo in 1946 to win second prize?" Nancy Jones, 13, who has come all the way from Tulsa with her grandmother, knows right off: *Old Shep*, she says.

Elvis Presley Boulevard, a wide strip of used car lots, fast food restaurants and gas stations, leads to Graceland. By noon the rising temperature is well into the 90s, and ambulances are carrying away those who have succumbed to the heat while crowding in front of the ornate plantation-style house. A brick wall

ple are quiet and reverent. "He's a legend and we just want to be part of it," explains George Lecky, 31, a truck driver who has come from Belfast, Northern Ireland, to spend more than a week in Memphis. He has brought with him his girl friend, his daughter and a nephew; all four wear matching Elvis T-shirts.

Fans stop at the grave, look, maybe drop a carnation, and snap a picture. "Keep moving along please," exhort the sheriff's deputies who have replaced the striking city police at the grave site. Outside, the hustlers and hucksters sell everything from posters to a \$160 Elvis doll that plays *Love Me Tender* while dispensing bourbon.

Across town, at city hall, where the smell of freshly cut grass mingles with the summer heat, Mayor Chandler is negotiating with the striking police. He proposes a public referendum to decide whether sales taxes should be raised to pay for what he says is the difference between the city's 6% pay offer and the



Waiting in line to view the memorial

union demand for 7%. The union is strongly against having its contract singled out for a public vote.

On Thursday a modicum of normality returns. The police have reduced their picketing and the sanitation workers are again collecting trash. There are no pickets in front of the schools and the teachers begin their first lessons of the semester. In front of city hall, union leaders urge strikers to stay calm. Says Memphis Police Association President David Baker: "The one thing that marked the situation in this city is that this has been a peaceful demonstration of what we believe in." Despite the arrest of 66 strikers earlier in the week for disobeying the curfew, there has been no outbreak of violence.

Finally, early Friday morning, tentative settlement is reached. There will be a two-year agreement with most of the monetary benefits sought by the unions. The workers, relieved, vote to ratify. A long hot week in this town of 665,000 appears to be cooling off, and the tens of thousands who have come to mourn Elvis Presley, dead a year, are starting to go home.



Carrying a personal tribute to Elvis

"You are making history today."



Chinese Communist Party Chairman Hua Kuo-feng and Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu join in a folk dance in Bucharest

World

DIPLOMACY

Chairman Hua Hits the Road

Plunging into an extraordinary era of door-to-door salesmanship abroad

It was a performance calculated to jangle the nerves of the Russians. There he was, no less a personage than Chinese Communist Party Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, hand in hand with Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu, dancing the *hora* while hundreds of young men and women clapped their hands and thousands of onlookers chanted "Hua! Hua!" And the scene of all this commotion was right in the Kremlin's backyard.

The festivities in Bucharest last week, which kicked off a two-week state visit by the Chinese leader to Rumania, Yugoslavia and Iran, not only constituted a brazen Chinese tweak at the Russian bear but heralded the beginning of an extraordinary new era of personalized Chinese diplomacy following more than a decade of isolationism, if not hostile xenophobia. Looking fit in an elegantly tailored tunic, Hua, 57, obviously enjoyed every minute of the affair. As well he might. Aside from a brief visit to North Korea last spring, this was his first trip to a foreign country and—for a Chinese party chairman—the first-ever foreign journey farther afield than Moscow. Mao Tse-tung last visited the Kremlin in 1957 when re-

lations with the Soviets were still civil.

Moscow's misgivings were aroused by Peking's transparent attempt to present itself as an alternative to the Soviets in the squabbling Communist camp. Certainly Hua's choice of three countries situated on the Soviet Union's southern flank did nothing to quell Russian suspicions. For its part, China has been equally worried about Soviet expansion-

ism in Asia, as well as in the Horn of Africa and South Yemen. Peking, in short, was anxious to cultivate friends who would be effective in helping to halt the tide of what it calls Soviet "hegemony."

Bucharest thus was a logical first stop on Hua's itinerary. With Albania lately at ideological odds with China, Rumania is now Hua's best ally in Eastern Europe. Relations between the two countries have been cordial since the early 1960s, when Rumania realized that the Sino-Soviet rift offered an opportunity to assert its own autonomy.

Fittingly, Hua was given a boisterous reception—although one that was carefully gauged not to exceed that given Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev on his last visit to Bucharest. After an open-air limousine ride into the capital amid crowds estimated between 250,000 and 500,000, Hua held private conversations with Ceausescu, and was expected to visit the oil center of Ploesti, the Black Sea port of Constanta, and the Danube River port of Galati, which is within sneering distance of the Soviet border.

The business side of the trip focused on trade, technology and diplomacy. Rumania was expected to offer

Mrs. Ceausescu and Hua raise a toast at gala dinner



the Chinese high-quality drilling equipment in exchange for oil. Although trade between the two countries has increased seven times over since 1960, several new commercial protocols were also reported in the works.

American analysts viewed the timing of Hua's trip as a normal progression after more than a decade of chaos, stretching from the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution to the crisis that followed Mao's death in 1976. "Their priorities have been predictable," said a State Department specialist. "They've had their People's Congress, and followed it with conferences on science, military affairs and finance and trade to get the post-Mao order set up internally. Now it's natural to turn to foreign policy, including personal diplomacy."

Thus earlier this year, Hua visited neighboring North Korea; the trip resulted in a decided improvement in relations between Peking and Pyongyang. Two weeks ago the Chinese concluded a long-delayed Treaty of Peace and Friendship with Japan and Hua unexpectedly attended the signing ceremonies in Peking.

As it happened, Hua's trip also coincides with the tenth anniversary this week of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, which Rumania and Yugoslavia criticized bitterly at the time. Both Bucharest and Belgrade took pains to placate the Russians by declaring that Hua's visit was bilateral and had nothing to do with any anti-Soviet strategy. To calm Soviet fears, Ceausescu even paid a call on Brezhnev just before the Chinese arrived.

Nonetheless, the Soviet press kept up a drumfire of criticism of the Chinese. *Pravda* blasted Peking for what it called "a veritable military hysteria" and "incitement toward a new war." At a meeting in the Crimea, Brezhnev and Bulgaria's Party Chief Todor Zhivkov issued a joint communiqué stating that "the peoples of the Balkan countries will not permit this important region to be turned into an object of intrigues and threats of force."

Hua found his opportunity to respond to these attacks at a state dinner in Bucharest. After cheerfully clinking glasses with Elena Ceausescu, wife of his host, the chairman offered a toast, but produced a roast instead. In an obvious attack on Moscow, he declared: "The forces that once dreamed of setting up a world empire have long ago turned to dust under the iron blows of the people. Today, those who hold in vain the thought of ruling the world will—even if they briefly enjoy their folly—meet with the same fate."

After that rhetorical punch, Hua this week set out for Belgrade and Tehran, where, in addition to drumming up trade, he could be expected to beat the snares of hegemony again. If he did not offer any surprises on that score alone, his foray into foreign capitals obviously marked the beginning of a new stage in global diplomacy. If the U.S. should break diplomatic ties with Taiwan, Hua might yet make it to Washington. ■

CHINA

Dislodging the Remnant Poison

And mopping up that old Gang of theirs

While Chairman Hua was cleaning up in Eastern Europe last week, his countrymen were having a little trouble with their own mop-up campaign back home. The press and radio—which normally tell only the good news—were reporting daily from the provinces that the long-running effort to wipe out the influence of the "Gang of Four" was encountering some unpleasant resistance. It was "shocking and intolerable," said one report, that a number of cadres had failed to root out all the allies of Mao Tse-tung's wife Chiang Ch'ing and her cohorts. There were still some officials, de-

Revolution have been cashiered. Chief among the restored officials is Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, who has since presided over a dramatic revision of China's policies in education, science and technology. Now, Teng seems to be intensifying the attempt to dislodge the "remnant poison" of the old radical faction that has resisted the sweep toward moderation. Says one Hong Kong analyst: "There are still plenty of people sitting around in various places who did in other people in the past. Teng and his boys want to settle scores with them one by one."

The renewed public attention to "local tyrants" is one major indication of Teng's intentions. The Chinese press has accused some local leaders of acting like "patriarchs," "beating and cursing the masses" and even causing "unscrupulous arrests, deaths and disabilities." A document, issued last month by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, instructs local leaders to step up the criticisms of people who are trying to "keep the lid on" the anti-Gang movement. In Kwangtung, according to one broadcast, entrenched followers of the radicals infiltrated an investigation of their own affairs. The result was that evidence compiled on the local activities of the Gang of Four simply vanished. In other provinces—Liaoning, Honan, Shensi—there have been no top-level changes in a decade, which suggests that in those areas the officials who took power during the Cultural Revolution have been protected from the purge.



Peking Red Guard in 1966

"Exercising fascist dictatorship."

clared one newspaper darkly, who insisted upon "exercising fascist dictatorship over the people."

All this, reported TIME Hong Kong Correspondent Richard Bernstein last week, served as a reminder that nearly two years after the fall of the radical Gang, a tough and sometimes even violent power struggle is still going on in hundreds of localities scattered throughout the vast territory of China.

Since 1976, thousands of once disgraced bureaucrats have been restored to their former positions, and many officials who assumed power during the Cultural

The Peking regime seems to suffer from an odd credibility problem occasioned by the cleanup campaign. The *People's Daily* has complained that many Chinese think an attack on the Gang of Four is really a criticism of the infallible Mao himself. Not so, says the newspaper. An assault on the Gang of Four is really a blow to protect the thought of Mao. Still, the paper has admitted that many people are "trembling with fright" over the prospect that they may be attacked by radicals in the future for harboring a "wrong attitude toward Chairman Mao."

Despite these problems, Teng's position is considered quite strong. "Teng has been moving very slowly," says one Hong Kong observer, "largely to hold together some sort of top-level unity. But gradually he's getting all his people on board." A few weeks ago, the entire former party secretariat of northeastern Heilungkiang province was rehabilitated en masse. More recently, there have been unconfirmed reports that former Peking Mayor P'eng Chen, a major victim of the Cultural Revolution, will be the next former villain to be restored to power. If so, Teng will have advanced one important step further in discrediting the radical legacy. ■

World

ESPIONAGE

A Rumanian Defects

Was Ion Pacepa a "mole"?

The slim, bespectacled Rumanian trade official's visit to Cologne seemed routine. After checking into the Inter-Continental Hotel one day last July, he spent the week negotiating an agreement for his country to produce a West German transport plane. Then, on the eve of his scheduled return to Bucharest, Ion Pacepa, 50, disappeared. Mystified Rumanian diplomats asked the Cologne police to investigate, but the search turned up no clues. Pacepa had vanished without a trace.

In fact, Pacepa was no ordinary economic envoy. He was a lieutenant general in the Rumanian security police and a close confidant of President Nicolae Ceausescu. He may have also been a long-time spy for the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, which probably spirited him out of West Germany. For the past three weeks, Pacepa has been tucked away in a CIA "safe" house near Washington, where he is presumably spilling information about Rumanian intelligence operations.

Instead of trumpeting the defection, U.S. officials have shrouded it in uncharacteristic secrecy. But in West Germany, newspapers are speculating that Pacepa was a CIA "mole" who had patiently burrowed into Rumania's inner circle some years ago. That notion has been firmly, but not convincingly, denied by CIA officials in West Germany, who insist that they had no hand in arranging Pacepa's flight to the West. "This was not a deep penetration operation in the traditional sense," remarked an intelligence source in Washington last week, without further elaboration.

If Pacepa was not a mole, his defection remains a riddle. He was in no known trouble with Ceausescu, although a clandestine source insinuated that he may have run afoul of the Rumanian President's short-tempered but influential wife. Mole or not, Pacepa may be something less than an outstanding prize for the CIA. "A major defection from Bucharest is almost a contradiction in terms," says a U.S. intelligence expert. Because of its resolute independence from Soviet influence, Rumania is not privy to the most sensitive intelligence traffic between Moscow and its more compliant satellites. Nor is Pacepa apt to be well informed about the Soviet army, because his country has not permitted the Warsaw Pact to deploy troops on its soil since the mid-60s. Nonetheless, the defector can shed some light on subjects of interest to U.S. analysts—among them the question of how Rumania's counterespionage service guards against infiltration by the Soviet KGB. The Rumanians are probably asking themselves a similar question about the CIA. ■



Warsaw Pact tank vs. Czechoslovak citizenry in Prague during 1968 invasion

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Ten Years of Twilight

The legacy of invasion is cynicism and stagnation

Ten years ago this week, in the biggest European invasion since World War II, about 200,000 Soviet and East bloc troops roared across Czechoslovakia's border and took over the country to prevent a "counterrevolution." Translation: Czechoslovakia was showing signs of growing democratization. So ended, tragically, the eight-month-long Prague Spring, an unprecedented and exhilarating period of cultural and political freedom that had been orchestrated by the Czechoslovak Communist Party of Alexander Dubček. Under Dubček, censorship had been lifted, police files aired and Communist Party officials—for the first time ever—subjected to open, popular criticism. Then, thanks to the Kremlin, the country was yanked back into the grim, gray twilight of East bloc conformity it had known since 1948.

Happily, the invasion did little damage to Prague, one of Europe's best-preserved and most charming capitals. Even the minor scars have largely disappeared, cabled TIME Correspondent David Aikman from that city last week. "Wenceslas Square, the city's kilometer-long main street, has seldom looked better. There is no sign of tension among Czechs lining up around street vendors to buy ice cream or to window-shop during their brief lunch hour. The large number of uniformed police could be accounted for—nominally at least—by a complicated new system of traffic flow in the city center. On the surface, the primary concern of most of Prague's citizens today seems to be their regular weekend escape to a

country *chata* (cottage). The only apprehensive people around town seem to be the leaders of the regime itself."

The government of Czechoslovak President Gustáv Husák, who succeeded Dubček as party boss eight months after the invasion, was indeed a little nervous as the Aug. 20 anniversary approached. All police leaves were canceled. Trusted Communist cadres in the Workers' Militia were assigned weekend guard duty in factories across the country. As is the custom, the estimated 70,000 to 80,000 Soviet troops who remain bivouacked in Czechoslovakia continued to make themselves scarce, as they have since 1968.

Though they are out of sight, the mere presence of Soviet troops on Czechoslovak soil has created a palpable sense of oppression. Husák's nonstop propaganda mill, justifying the troops as well as the invasion itself, has virtually deadened Czechoslovak sensibilities. The result, reports Aikman, is that most of the country has settled into an apathetic limbo. After 1968, the new regime purged 326,817 members from the Czechoslovak Communist Party; today, having re-expanded, it claims 1.9 million members, vs. 1.7 million in 1968. Former First Secretary Dubček, now 56, is a watchman in a Bratislava public garden, under constant surveillance. Former Foreign Minister Jiří Hájek is now a pensioner in Prague and a persistent critic of the Husák regime. Former Premier Oldřich Černík holds an obscure research job outside the capital.

Some 150,000 Czechs, including Film Directors Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer and

Jan Kadar, have fled to the West. In reprisal for supporting the attempted Dubček liberalization, thousands of professionals and technicians who stayed behind were forced into menial jobs. What remains of the once flourishing Czechoslovak culture is a wasteland of agitprop that French Poet Louis Aragon has called a "Biafra of the spirit."

To buy off discontent in this straitened atmosphere, the government has hiked wages to a respectable level—on average, \$271 monthly—and opened the borders to foreign consumer goods. But hardly anyone shows any interest in public affairs. Says one purge victim: "All the old questions remain unanswered. There are no illusions. The cynicism is astonishing."

The most politically active elements in the country are the ones the government does not want. They are the almost 1,000 signatories of the Charter 77 dissident movement. But Charter 77 protest has declined considerably from the pitch of a year ago, chiefly as a result of continuing government repression. By Charter 77's own account, as many as 30,000 people have been rounded up since 1969 by the police and held for varying lengths of time, often in solitary confinement and with little food. In a truly Kafkaesque touch,* the victims are even billed for the cost of their imprisonment.

At least 100 Charter 77 members have been forced to quit even the lowly jobs they were formerly allowed to hold. The movement's current leaders—Singer Marta Kubišová, Philosopher Ladislav Hejdanek, and former Regional Party Secretary Jaroslav Šabata—are under constant surveillance. Nonetheless, in a gesture commemorating the invasion anniversary, a small group of Charter 77 members managed to meet in secret this month with their Polish counterparts to discuss possible future cooperation.

Problems of morale aside, Czechoslovak leaders face nagging signs of econom-

ic stagnation. On the face of it, the economy is performing respectably, with an annual growth rate averaging 5.5%. But the country has been losing its share of Western hard-currency markets for its principal exports, which include glassware, engineering machinery and textiles. Capital investment has been minimal, and many factories are obsolete. Decentralized planning, economic incentives and worker participation were intended to be keystone policies of the Dubček government. In a highly bastardized form, they have been revived by Finance Minister Leopold Lér. But Lér's plan in no way envisions the kind of widespread shop-floor democracy that had been the dream of Dubček's Finance Minister, Ota Šik.

Though he is no great proponent of industrial reform, Husák has some good reasons for going along with the experiment. Late last year, when it became apparent that the nation's economy was in the doldrums, Husák was almost displaced as Communist Party chief by his main rival, Premier Lubomír Štrougal. Indeed, according to some reports, for three days Husák was actually forced to step down from office. In near panic, his supporters tried a last-gasp tactic: they telephoned a warning to Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev. He was appalled by the news and ordered Husák's reinstatement.

Brezhnev followed that act with a four-day visit to Prague last May. It was the Soviet leader's first appearance there in three years. He ceremoniously pinned the Order of the October Revolution on Husák's chest and on nationwide television declared the 1968 invasion to be "a great hour for the Czechoslovak people." Brezhnev's public comments lasted just 15 minutes, after which a never explained TV blackout blipped him off the air waves. The general suspicion is that the blackout was caused by a dissident technician.

Brezhnev & Co. have remained solicitous of the Czechoslovak leadership in other ways. Last March a Czechoslovak, Air Force Captain Vladimír Remek, took

part in a Soviet space linkup. A new Prague subway line was built with Soviet help. In an obsequious return gesture, Czechoslovak authorities have been pushing sales of Brezhnev's book, *The Little Land*, his personal reminiscence of a relatively unknown battle in the Novorossiisk area of Russia during World War II.

As it happens, another, more poignant memoir was published last week in Vienna. Titled *Six Days in August*, it is the tale of the 1968 invasion as seen by Emigré Zdeněk Mlynář, a secretary of the Communist Party Central Committee under Dubček. Mlynář's book was a timely but melancholy testament to the fact that in Czechoslovakia, the twilight shows no sign of lifting from the land. ■

Czechoslovak President Husák (center)



Young Czech bohemian mimicking soldiers following their military induction ceremony



Celebrating May Day, 1978



*Expressionist Writer Franz Kafka (1883-1924), who lived and wrote in Prague, is, needless to say, again a non-person under the Husák regime.

World

ISRAEL

Avoiding a Crisis

No more settlements—for now

Israeli Premier Menachem Begin was lounging beside the pool of his government hideaway near Tel Aviv one morning last week when he received an urgent call from his Foreign Minister, Moshe Dayan. Deputy Premier Yigael Yadin had called a special Cabinet meeting in Jerusalem. Its purpose: to head off a crisis that was threatening to disrupt Jimmy Carter's plan for a meeting at Camp David between Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in early September.

The controversy had been set off by disclosures in the local press that the Israeli government was planning to establish five new settlements on the West Bank. This was in contradiction to Begin's promise to Cyrus Vance a week earlier: that Israel would refrain from starting any more such settlements until after the September summit.

From the Israelis' point of view, the problem stemmed less from duplicity than from the confusion of recent events. In late June, when it had appeared that the Middle East peace negotiations were seriously and perhaps permanently stalled, Begin and his senior colleagues had indeed approved a secret plan to build the



Premier Begin with his daughter Leah

In truth, he had a lot to celebrate

villages. Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon, a strong advocate of settlements, quietly went about the task of asking the various kibbutzim movements for volunteers. Soon the opposition Labor Party learned of the plan, and so did the press.

At first, government officials denied the story; some even claimed that Sharon, as chairman of the ministerial settlement committee, had made the decision

on his own. This enraged Sharon, who told the Cabinet defiantly: "I will not let you hide behind my back." To avoid an open fight, the government lamely admitted the truth, and Yadin then scheduled the Cabinet meeting to decide on further action. It was at this point that Dayan telephoned the vacationing Premier for instructions. Begin flatly told his Foreign Minister that he wanted the Cabinet to halt the plan for the time being.

With the crisis over, Begin looked forward to a happier event: his 65th-birthday celebration later in the week, at which he was to host an open house for hundreds of relatives, friends and colleagues. In truth, he had a lot to celebrate. His health was greatly improved following an attack last June of pericarditis, an inflammation of the membrane surrounding the heart. Moreover, his political popularity appeared to be rising again; the hopes of the Israeli public had clearly been buoyed by news of the Camp David summit.

There was no sign that Begin had any important new ideas to offer or concessions to make, even though he had a great deal riding on that meeting. Until then, his critics—the Israelis who regard their Premier as an obstacle to peace—will presumably sit on their hands and hope he will prove them wrong. But if the summit fails disastrously, his own aides admit, a disenchantment with Begin's leadership could quickly set in.

A Fraternal Bombing

Their sworn enemy is Israel, but Palestinian liberation groups have been so busy fighting each other that lately the Jewish state has gone virtually unscathed. Since July, factional bloodletting has left 60 dead and more than 100 wounded, including the victims of a savage Mafia-style war raging between Yasser Arafat's Al-Fatah and Iraqi-backed Palestinian agents in capitals across Europe and Asia. Early last week, a powerful explosion ripped through an eight-story apartment and office building in Beirut, killing more than 175 Palestinians and wounding 80 others. Among the dead: 37 members of the pro-Iraqi Palestine Liberation Front (P.L.F.) and ten members of Fatah.

The explosion—so forceful that inhabitants of the Lebanese capital mistook it for an earthquake—erupted shortly after midnight in an ammunition dump in the building's basement. Both the P.L.F. and Fatah kept offices in the building, but innocent people were sleeping in apartments upstairs. Rescue crews found the remains of two Lebanese families and of two young girls who had come to spend the fasting month of Ramadan with their grandmother.

Arafat and other Palestinian leaders blamed Zionist and CIA agents. But Ahmed Jebreel, head of the pro-Syrian Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command, was the logical suspect. Six weeks earlier, two of his commandos were killed by men thought to be members of the P.L.F. It appeared that Jebreel, in seeking to even the score, made a tragic miscalculation. Only an hour before the explosion, the 28-member central committee of the P.L.F. had unexpectedly adjourned a meeting. Thus the intended victims of the blast walked away unharmed.



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World



Defeated President Balaguer (center) looks on dolefully as his successor, Antonio Guzmán (left), is sworn in at Santo Domingo last week

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Joy in Santo Domingo

A new President, with a little help from Carter

The popular mood in Santo Domingo was unmistakably jubilant. Thousands of cheering citizens waved white flags in honor of the victorious Dominican Revolutionary Party (P.R.D.). They thronged the streets, tooting auto horns and shouting political slogans. "Ya ya Balaguer se va. ¿Qué felicidad!" (Balaguer is going. What happiness!) After twelve years in office, the defeated Joaquín Balaguer, now 70 and nearly blind, was departing in favor of Politician-Farmer Antonio Guzmán, 67, a Social Democrat. It was the first time in this century that a freely elected President of the Dominican Republic had succeeded another such freely elected President—and it had almost not happened at all.

Until last week, no one had been certain that Strongman Balaguer and his loyal generals would actually leave. In May, when it became clear that Balaguer's right-wing Reformist Party was losing the election badly, the generals had ordered a halt to the vote counting. Immediately there was heavy pressure, both from within the country and from Washington. Jimmy Carter sent word that if Balaguer attempted a *coup d'état*, the U.S. would order sanctions against the illegal regime. Balaguer's supporters resented the interference, but they got the message.

Last week the U.S. President made sure that they remembered it. He sent a 27-member delegation to Guzmán's inauguration. Heading the group were Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young. But the most

important symbolic presence was that of Lieut. General Dennis McAuliffe, Commander in Chief of the U.S. Southern Command based in the Panama Canal Zone. He was dispatched to Santo Domingo as a reminder to the Dominican generals, who have little love for Guzmán, that the U.S. supported his election and expected them to do the same.

U.S. policy has changed considerably since 1965, when Lyndon Johnson sent 21,000 troops to prevent the island nation from becoming "another Cuba." At that time the U.S. feared a Communist takeover and thought a victory by the P.R.D. and its leader, Juan Bosch, might lead to that end. Vance, then Deputy Secretary of Defense, was one of several U.S. officials who suggested in vain that Antonio Guzmán be installed as interim President in an effort to bring an end to the civil war that was then raging. When elections were finally held in 1966, Balaguer defeated Bosch and the P.R.D.

A longtime protégé of late Dictator Rafael Trujillo, Balaguer was both a brilliant and ruthless politician. He kept his country at peace for twelve years. He launched a huge building program and virtually invented Dominican tourism, now a \$90 million industry. But he permitted blatant corruption, and in recent years he allowed the economy, already suffering from a sharp drop in sugar prices, to falter. Of the country's 1.4 million workers, 20% are unemployed.

At last week's ceremonies, President Guzmán briefly paid tribute to his pre-

decessor for agreeing, in the end, to allow a peaceful transition. But he attacked the outgoing regime for its "moral decay." He promised to bring new blood into the government—and proceeded to do it on the spot. Sworn in immediately were three able and fairly young technocrats who will direct the country's battered economy: Harvard-educated Economist Manuel José Cabral, 41, as Finance Minister; Eduardo Fernández Picardo, 41, former president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Santo Domingo, as head of the Central Bank; and Ramón Báez Romano, 49, a onetime Gulf & Western executive, as Industry and Commerce Secretary. Those appointments indicated that Guzmán is determined to improve his nation's economy. He was intent on improving the military as well. After the inauguration, the new President kept Vance and Young waiting while he purged the top level of the armed forces. Ousting most of the Balaguer partisans, Guzmán swore in a new set of military chiefs, none of whom had been advised in advance of the change.

The country seemed relieved that the inauguration had taken place without violence. "Now back to work," remarked Banco Popular Dominicano President Alejandro Grullón. "The country has been paralyzed for the past three months." But Balaguer did not exactly retire without managing a few flicks of petty malice. His electoral commission arbitrarily awarded four Senate seats that had been won by Guzmán's party to the opposition, thereby giving Balaguer's Reformists a majority in the Senate. In perhaps the meanest stroke, Balaguer's sanitation workers suspended trash pickups during inauguration week, forcing Guzmán supporters to work overtime to clean up the city in time for the ceremonies. ■

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This is a color photograph taken from an elevated perspective, looking down at Lower Manhattan, New York City. The image captures the dense urban landscape of the city, with numerous skyscrapers and buildings packed closely together. The Hudson River is visible on the left side of the frame, and the East River is on the right. The image has a slightly aged, muted color palette, with a soft, hazy atmosphere. The overall composition emphasizes the verticality and density of the city's architecture.

Lino Otto Bohn

[illegible]

World

ITALY

The German Connection

Did the Red Brigades have help in Moro's kidnapping?

Ever since the brazen daylight kidnapping and subsequent assassination of former Premier Aldo Moro last spring, Italian investigators have been intrigued by indications that there may have been a West German connection to the crime. Some eyewitnesses reported that they thought they heard German spoken at the scene of the abduction. Police also noted that the manner in which the kidnapping was staged and the precision execution of Moro's five bodyguards were curiously similar in style to the kidnapping six months earlier of German Industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer in Cologne.

Now Italian officials report that they have found more evidence of links between Italy's terrorist Red Brigades and West Germany's more sophisticated Red Army Faction. Among the clues:

- Detailed expense notations were found in a Red Brigades hideout in Rome that police say was used by the Moro hit team. The notes refer to airline flights made to Vienna and four German cities by someone using the code name Fritz.

- Two West German automobile license plates, found in the same hideout, were not listed as stolen in either West Germany or Italy, and thus presumably were taken directly to Rome. (Italian license plates belonging to the cars used in the Moro attack were found at the same time.)

- A satchel used to conceal weapons in the Moro kidnapping was found at the scene. It was a German-made case of a type not normally exported to Italy.

- Grenades found in the hideout have been traced to a cache of stolen arms in Switzerland that was also used by members of West Germany's Red Army.

West German police tend to discount the theory of a connection between the Schleyer and Moro cases, though they do not rule out the possibility that the two terrorist groups may have ties. Italian investigators think there is more to it than that. Following the return of two investigating magistrates who cross-checked their evidence in West Germany, Italian authorities now believe that the accumulated clues indicate the direct participation or at least the active support of German organizations in the Moro affair. The Italians are working on the hypothesis, moreover, that the ten- to twelve-man hit team that abducted Moro may have been composed of outsiders, possibly including Germans, who then passed the politician to a second group, probably Italians. A third group is thought to have issued the regular communiques stating the terms for Moro's release.



Bureaucrats' view of irate citizen

WEST GERMANY

A Civil Tongue

Bureaucrats learn manners

In a nation with an all but obsessive concern about self-improvement, one institution so far has remained relatively impervious to change: the bureaucracy. Otto von Bismarck inaugurated the German civil service in 1871, an innovation that many of his countrymen now regard as the Iron Chancellor's least admirable accomplishment. There is hardly a German who has not been humiliated at one time or another by the uniquely imperious attitude of public employees—a maddening amalgam of officiousness, condescension and cantankerousness. A recent West German telephone poll, for example, showed that 62% of the callers were "very critical" of their bureaucracy, labeling it "obstinate and lazy" and possessed of a "caste mentality."

The bureaucracy is now trying to teach itself better manners. The autodidactic exercise began after West Germany's Postal Minister, Kurt Gscheidle, suffered a frustrating run-in with his own employees while trying to buy stamps. Gscheidle was treated so rudely that he vowed to bring about a change. He ordered the post office, West Germany's biggest federal employer (480,000 workers), to start three-day courses in better behavior for its counter clerks. Among the lessons: no grimacing or staring; keep a "friendly, open facial expression"; "nod your head to show approval and consent"; avoid use of the insultingly familiar pronoun *du*. So far, about 15,000 of 30,000 postal counter clerks have taken the etiquette course. Reports a post office official: "It's going well: the



Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor

clerks are really friendlier afterward."

Inspired by Gscheidle's revolutionary idea, the finance ministry of Bavaria recently issued a 24-page booklet to its civil servants titled *Behörde und Bürger* (Authorities and Citizens). A kind of Emily Post primer for bureaucrats, it offers the provocative thought that bureaucracy is a public service for the benefit of West German citizens. It suggests that civil servants should try to put themselves in their clients' place. Avoid bawling out citizens for making mistakes on application forms, advises the booklet. Try to understand that they do not know all laws. "as you do."

The Bavarian booklet originally was intended only for junior bureaucrats who had been on the job for a year or less. (The reason for bypassing more senior bureaucrats, explained a finance ministry official tactfully, is that they "have gained the necessary experience, or if they haven't, they might feel misled.") But requests for copies of *Behörde und Bürger* have come in from other governments across West Germany. A first printing of 20,000 brochures sold out; another 10,000 or so are scheduled to be run off this month.

The public response to this onslaught of civility in the civil service has been mild astonishment—and gratitude. One woman, flabbergasted as a solicitous postal employee repacked a badly parceled piece of mail, could only stammer, "Danke, danke." In Bavaria, a local department store took *Behörde und Bürger* to heart and started its own courtesy campaign. The wave of Teutonic tact even seems to be paying dividends for the civil servants. Says one graduate of the postal service deportment course: "Somehow, I feel much less insecure now."

Religion

In Rome, a Week of Suspense

Speculation mounts over who will inherit Pope Paul's tiara

We earnestly exhort the electors that they should not let themselves be guided by friendship or aversion, or be influenced by favor or respect toward anyone, or be forced by the intervention of persons in authority or by pressure groups...

—Pope Paul VI. in his 1975 decree on papal elections

Notwithstanding Paul's earnest exhortation, his funeral was hardly over before outside pressure groups began agitating over the sort of man who should become the next Pope. The ultraconservative religious movement Civiltà Cristiana plastered Rome with posters demanding "a preacher of crystal-clear doctrine and a custodian of truth against the current heresy." Other right-wingers who follow France's semischismatic Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre drew up a broadside linking certain *papabili* (possible Popes) with Freemasonry. At the other end of the ideological spectrum, the U.S.-based Committee for the Responsible Election of the Pope issued in Rome a list of necessary papal traits, among them happiness, holiness and willingness to "trust others."

Trying some long-distance lobbying, 300 American nuns attending a convention in Pittsburgh of the National Assembly of Women Religious issued an open letter beseeching the all-male College of Cardinals to incorporate into the election "the voices of those whom present church structures exclude from participation." Minnesota's Archbishop John R. Roach, vice president of the U.S. bishops' conference, even named names. Because the next Pope must be a "very strong evangelizer" above all, Roach said, he favors George Basil Hume of England, who is considered an extremely long shot.

The only talk that really counted last week, however, was proceeding among the Cardinals who will elect Roman Catholicism's 263rd Pope in hermetic secrecy during the conclave that begins this Friday evening. Paul stripped the right to vote from Cardinals age 80 and over, a ruling affecting 15 of the 129 red hats. With the death in Rome last week of Paul Yu Pin, 77, the exiled Chinese Cardinal, 114 men are eligible. But America's John Wright, India's Valerian Gracias and Poland's Boleslaw Filipiak are too ill to participate. (Like Yu Pin, they were likely to

join the conservative bloc.) If Viet Nam refuses to grant an exit visa to Joseph Marie Trin Nhu Khue of Hanoi, a total of 110 Cardinals will enter the conclave.

Paul's 1975 election decree continued the centuries-old ban on vote trading and open campaigning but encouraged more discreet action: "We do not have the intention of forbidding the exchange



Installing special floor for conclave in Sistine Chapel last week. Chats in the courtyard and caucuses at table.

of views concerning the election during the period in which the see is vacant." Exchanges were certainly taking place in Rome last week. Said one Italian member of the conclave: "The Cardinals discuss everything about the *papabili*."

Informal but highly important chats fill the suspenseful days before the conclave. The Cardinals hold a daily General Congregation in the ornate Sala Bologna in the Apostolic Palace, where, speaking in Italian or Latin, they handle preparations for the conclave. When the meetings end, usually around 1:30 p.m., the emerging Cardinals form groups

of twos and threes and stroll slowly down Raphael's magnificent loggia or across the San Damaso courtyard three stories below. Other conversations take place during evening walks, a common form of ecclesiastical exercise. National and regional groups hold informal caucuses as a matter of course: nine Spanish-speaking Cardinals are living together at the Spanish Pontifical College and most of the Africans at the College of the Propaganda Fide.

One question under intense discussion everywhere: Should the next Pope be non-Italian for the first time since 1523?

Austria's Franz König spoke in favor of that idea; none of his fellow Cardinals, however, appear to be joining such a movement. In fact, Spain's Marcelo González Martín declared that an Italian would provide the needed "balance and serenity." One seasoned Vatican official—neither a Cardinal nor an Italian—figures the conclave simply will not have the courage to break the centuries-old lock that Italy has on the office, even though non-Europeans now constitute 64% of the world's Roman Catholics.

This in turn revived the old Roman axiom, "A Pope is not elected against the Curia." Active and retired Italians with Curial experience, and the skill in papal politics that goes with it, far outnumber non-Italians. Ethnic solidarity enhances the prospects of three Curial Italians: Sebastiano Baggio, 65; Paolo Bertoli, 70; and Sergio Pignedoli, 68. At the same time, Curial clout damages the candidacy of Argentina's Eduardo Pirono, who is Italian descended but heartily disliked by many of his fellow Cardinals in the Vatican because he is an individualist and an outsider. (Besides that, he is a "young" 57. None of the seven Popes elected in the past century have been below age 60.)

"There is no candidate," Brazil's Eugenio de Araujo Sales told a friend last week. "We are simply going to have to look for one." During the hunt, new names kept cropping up on the list of *papabili*. For instance, Florence's Giovanni Benelli, 57, a kindmaker and a possible candidate himself, was heard by a Vatican insider to say he favors Albino Luciani, 65, of Venice, particularly because of their shared aversion to Communism. Carlo Confalonieri, who carries much weight among Italians, although he is too old to vote, agreed. Suddenly Luciani, heretofore seen as a remote compromise candidate, shot up on the lists.

Another Italian, Sicily's Salvatore Pappalardo, 59, was said to have picked up the backing of Belgium's progressive

Leo Jozef Suenens. But the most mentioned Italians are Baggio and Pignedoli. On paper, Baggio's presumed backing appears formidable: it includes many Latin Americans, plus several votes, each, from Italy, Spain, Germany and the U.S. Pignedoli, long the most gregarious of Curialists, had the week's most active dinner table. Among his guests: Aloisio Lorscheider, president of the Latin American bishops' conference, and Tanzania's Laurean Rugambwa, who has influence among Africans as the first black Cardinal in modern times.

By choosing the latest possible start for the conclave, the Cardinals gave themselves ample time to size up one another, as they have already done to an unprecedented degree at various international meetings that stemmed from the Second Vatican Council. The delay also provides ample opportunity for the 80-and-over Cardinals to influence the conclave from which they are barred. The elders generally prefer a flags-flying conservative, but even the most prominent man in that camp, the Vatican's Pericle Felici, 67, is widely considered unelectable. So they would be likely to turn to a moderate who tilts slightly right—Baggio, for instance. One group of conservative electors made a pilgrimage last week to the quarters of Alfredo Ottaviani, 87, formerly the fearsome head of the Holy Office. Though blind, he has a razor-sharp memory for useful tidbits about various candidates.

For the moment, at least, the Cardinal most in the public eye is France's Jean Villot, the first non-Italian in modern times to be Camerlengo (Chamberlain) or interim administrator of the Vatican between Popes. Villot was Paul's Secretary of State, which theoretically made him the Vatican's virtual Prime Minister and eminently *papabile*. In fact, Curial Italians routinely bypassed the Frenchman and dealt with Benelli, who was nominally Villot's assistant until he assumed the Florence see. But an adroit performance as Camerlengo could make Villot, 72, an attractive compromise choice.

All Curial appointments cease when a Pope dies, but some work sputters on. The Congregation for Saints' Causes continued to investigate the sanctity of candidates last week, while Villot's former secretariat acknowledged the mountains of condolence messages. The usual Vatican postage stamps marked *sede vacante* (vacant see) were issued. A prized collector's item, they raise revenue that will help to offset the cost of the conclave (budgeted initially at \$2 million).

The General Congregation established three commissions of three Cardi-



Sealing a gateway to the conclave area



Camerlengo Villot and Confalonieri meeting delegations after funeral



Preparing cassock to fit the new Pope

"There is no candidate," said one elector.

nals apiece to deal with conclave credentials, technical preparations and election procedures. The Cardinals must also decide which non-Cardinals will live within the conclave walls. The secrecy-conscious Paul ordered strict limits. This time aides to Cardinals are barred but non-electors will nevertheless number to approximately 300 confessors, barbers, medical aides, maintenance men and nuns to prepare relatively simple meals. Trucks were already rumbling into the Vatican last week with sizable quantities of pasta and wine.

The ecclesiastical tailoring firm of Gammarelli, which has long prepared robes for the new Pope to wear in his first public appearance, was at work on white cassocks in four sizes (small, medium, large and extra large). It used to make only three sizes, but this time decided on four, using a confidential in-house list of ten Italians and two foreigners it thinks are the best candidates.

So thorough are the General Congregation's preparations for this conclave that Cardinals devoted 20 minutes last week to discussing whether ballots should be folded once or twice. The hope is that this meticulous preliminary work will speed the conclave, which will be a new experience for all but the eleven Cardinals who were at the 1963 conclave—three of whom also attended the 1958 conclave. Says one Vatican Cardinal: "We have got to get it over with as quickly as possible or it will create a very bad impression with the public," which will assume deep divisions exist.

As the preconclave lobbying proceeded, the American Cardinals were pressing the view that the new Pope would have to be capable of dealing with a situation unlike that faced by any of his predecessors in recent centuries. Said Washington's William Baum: "In the past, in much of Europe, for example, people have grown up in religious families and in societies with certain traditions. Now much of that is breaking down. The church will have to emphasize personal conversion." Baum is looking for a spiritual Pope first, not a politician. Catholicism, added Timothy Manning of Los Angeles, must recognize that "it has no political support in many places" and must depend on persuasion rather than power. Said Manning: "Remember the old Aesop fable about the contest between the sun and the wind over who could force the man to remove his coat? The wind nearly beat him to death, but he only clung on more tightly. Then the sun warmed him a bit, and he removed the coat. That is what the church must do in this era—change people through warmth." ■

Behind the Conclave Walls

For years apostles of reform in the Roman Catholic Church have advocated sweeping changes in the election of the Pope. In the heady atmosphere of the 1960s, when the Second Vatican Council was bringing change to so many other areas, enthusiasts envisioned elected delegations of bishops, priests, even lay men and women trooping to Rome to choose the next Pontiff. Others, more realistic, argued that the body of papal electors should be expanded to include the sort of worldwide sampling of bishops who attended the synods convened by Pope Paul VI.

In 1975, when Paul issued a revised set of rules for the election of his successor, the reformers were disappointed: the Cardinals alone would remain the electors. Nonetheless, the late Pope did ensure that the conclave to choose his successor would be different in important respects. Most notably, Paul greatly expanded and internationalized the College of Cardinals. There was also a renewed emphasis on secrecy, typified by Paul's exclusion of the assistants ("conclavists") who had attended the Cardinals during other elections; they were suspected, perhaps rightly, of being the source of past leaks and of lobbying for their own man or one of his compatriots.

Adding a post-Watergate touch, the Pope decreed that the Camerlengo and his assistants, along with two technicians using "modern equipment," must periodically sweep the entire conclave premises and all who have been admitted to them for "technical instruments of whatsoever kind for the recording, reproduction or transmission of voices and images." Anyone found possessing such a device was to be expelled from the conclave forthwith and subjected to "grave penalties" to be determined by the future Pope.

By the time each Cardinal-elect walks into St. Peter's Basilica for the pre-conclave Mass of the Holy Spirit this Friday, he will have taken two elaborate oaths of secrecy, one when he first joined the assembly of waiting Cardinals in Rome, another shortly before the conclave. Then, as the conclave begins, he will take a third oath along with his fellow Cardinals, pledging yet again to observe secrecy in any matter "pertaining to the election of the Roman Pontiff," under pain of excommunication.

The "sealing" of the conclave is a meticulous medieval rite. After all the Cardinals have assembled inside the Apostolic Palace adjoining St. Peter's, the Master of Ceremonies or an assistant will stride through the rooms of the palace shouting, "Extra omnes!" (Everybody out). All not permitted in the conclave will then leave. A chosen Cardinal, in this case Argentina's Eduardo Pironio, will supervise the lockup inside. Two other Vatican officials and the commandant of the Swiss Guard will also lock the door from the outside. Special notaries will duly document the sealing.

On Saturday balloting will begin in the traditional papal election hall: the Sistine Chapel. In his 1975 rules, Pope Paul reviewed the three methods of election. The first—not unprecedented but highly unlikely—is by acclamation, a process in which the Cardinals, "as it were through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit . . . spontaneously, unanimously and aloud proclaim one individual Supreme Pontiff." A second method allows Cardinals to delegate their votes to a smaller group of nine to 15 electors. The most common meth-

od of balloting is called scrutiny, requiring to name a Pope a two-thirds plus one-vote majority of all the electors.

For this method, the electors choose by lot from among their number three Scrutineers (ballot tellers) and three Revisers, who might be called instant-recount men. Each Cardinal receives a small rectangular card, headed *Eligo in Summam Pontificem* (I elect as Supreme Pontiff), underneath which he writes his choice, disguising his handwriting to avoid identification. He then folds his ballot, proceeds to the altar of the Sistine Chapel and declares: "I call to witness Christ the Lord who will be my judge, that my vote is given to the one who before God I consider should be elected." With that, he deposits his card on a plate and tips it into a receptacle, traditionally a large chalice. After all ballots are cast, the Scrutineers mix the cards, count them and begin their tally. Each notes the name on the ballot; the third reads it aloud. After the process, whether or not the required majority is reached, the Revisers retally the votes.

Two ballots are prescribed for each morning and afternoon that the Cardinals convene. After the second balloting in each session, the votes—together with any tally sheets or other notes kept by individual Cardinals—are destroyed. The ballots are burnt in a small stove installed in the chapel. For centuries, they were mixed with dampened straw to produce black smoke, signifying an inconclusive vote, or burnt alone to produce white smoke, announcing the election of a new Pontiff. This time, though, the Cardinals are considering the use of a paper shredder before the burning so that no fragments may be deciphered. Moreover, special chemicals will be used to ensure the proper white or black smoke.

Paul anticipated the possibility of a long election and decreed up to a day of rest, prayer, reflection and discussion after three days of voting, and after every seven ballots thereafter. Cardinals may

also confer about the task before them at any time apart from the actual balloting. But the conversations will be necessarily elliptical. Though candidates may be discussed, the secrecy oaths provide that no one may reveal to another how he has voted or intends to vote.

If no Pope is elected after three series of votes and pauses, the 1975 rules offer some ways out. The Cardinals could choose to vote by delegation or reduce the number of votes required for election to an absolute majority plus one, or even conduct a run-off between the two leading contenders. Eventually, with prayer and delicate politicking and not a little late-summer sweat, they will make their choice. A senior Cardinal, not yet selected, will confront the chosen colleague and ask him if he accepts. After the Pontiff-elect murmurs "Accepto," there will be a second question: "By what name do you wish to be called?"

That settled, the Cardinals will come forward one by one to pay homage to the new Pope. Messages will be dispatched to the octogenarian Cardinals outside the conclave. Then, with the crowds waiting in St. Peter's Square, the senior Cardinal Deacon will step out on the central balcony of St. Peter's and declare, "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Papam!" (I announce to you a great joy. We have a Pope!) The new Pontiff, the Cardinal will continue, is "the Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lord Cardinal . . . who has taken the name . . ." At that moment the world will learn the identity of the new Pope.



Traditional chalice for balloting

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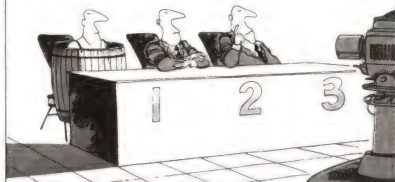
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Education

TO TELL THE TRUTH



"Will the real college tuition-paying parent please stand up?"

Relief in Sight

Tuition tax aid nears passage

As Delaware's Republican Senator William V. Roth sees it, there are three distinct classes in the U.S. where higher education is concerned: 1) "the very rich," who can afford the best colleges; 2) "the very poor," who can meet skyrocketing costs only because of various aid programs; and 3) "the very taxed," those middle-income Americans who have no easy way to pay their kids' bloated bills. Inflation has kicked their incomes not only into higher tax brackets but also out of the grant and loan market. At the same time, their after-tax income is barely keeping pace with soaring tuition costs.

For months Congress and the White House have been fine-tuning measures designed to bail out the Middle American, differing sharply in their approaches. Last week, in a display of irresolution that was unusual even for Capitol Hill, the Senate approved both approaches by large margins. First the Senate approved, 65 to 27, a bill proposed by Roth that would grant to parents an immediate tax credit of 50% of tuition and fees for every child in a college or post-secondary vocational school up to a ceiling of \$250; the limit would be raised to \$500 a child in the fall of 1980. Cost to the Government: an estimated \$1.8 billion annually.

President Carter has threatened to veto any tuition tax credit measure, preferring instead to step up aid in the form of direct federal grants and loans to post-secondary school students. His own proposal, sponsored by Rhode Island Democrat Claiborne Pell, passed the Senate

by a 68-to-28 count, barely 14 hours after the tax credit vote. After the Pell measure was okayed, Oklahoma Republican Henry Bellmon chided his colleagues, declaring: "I cannot imagine why we would pass two bills on two successive days to accomplish essentially the same objective." As it happens, the House—which approved its own \$1.1 billion tax credit package June 1—has the President's proposal buried in committee. Its chances of passage seem dim.

House and Senate conferees will now hammer out a version of the tuition tax credit bill acceptable to both chambers, and one controversial provision is likely to draw spirited debate. The House version grants credits for private and parochial school costs. But in the Senate vote last week, a measure to extend the tax credits to families with children attending private or parochial elementary and secondary schools was shot down. Heavy lobbying and concern over the First Amendment's separation of church and state led to its downfall.

Camp Politics

Catching lectures, not frogs

The summer camp calls itself an "experimental lab." The director insists that even swimming is "political." The children put on plays about heroic workers. Mao's China? A Soviet youth Komsomol? No. Santa Barbara, Calif. Situated in a rundown redwood ranch house nestled among the scrub oaks and laurels in the hills above the city, a unique camp run by those indefatigable activists Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda opened this sum-

mer for 150 youngsters from 7 to 14.

Mostly the offspring of minorities and veteran left-wing activists, the children are schooled in such weighty issues as why farm workers should be unionized or why gas companies should not be allowed to construct a liquefied natural gas terminal on sacred Indian land along the California coast. Instead of sitting around the campfire singing "It's a Treat to Beat Your Feet on the Mississippi Mud," they learn union songs. Even traditional camp activities—sports, crafts, horseback riding—are pursued with a radical ideology in mind. "Swimming cannot be separated from the larger issues of society—the role of youth and the idea of competition," harrumphs Hayden. Chimes in Fonda, recalling the "authoritarian" camps of her youth: "We are interested in perfecting skills, not just in being No. 1." The Hayden-Fonda camp is "the better world," the counselors exhort their charges, because "you are going to make it better."

Identical rhetoric about campers learning to "build a better world" can be heard from Joseph Mehrten—only he is a spokesman for the eleven John Birch Society camps scattered across the country. Here the camp song is the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, swimming races are meant to be won, and authority is still in vogue. "If you are late for a class, you get clean-up duties," says Mehrten.

Founded in 1970, the Birch camps take in some 1,100 youths between the ages of 14 and 22 every summer. The one-week sessions involve rigorous instruction in right-wing doctrine. Twenty lectures on "the rudiments of Americanism" are devoted to such themes as the dangers of gun control, Big Government and the Equal Rights Amendment. "The forces that work for total government" constitute the real enemy, campers are taught.

Both the Hayden/Fonda and the John Birch camps aim to produce future leaders of the Movement (left or right), not docile students. Says Hayden: "There is a real clash between what they pick up in the camp and what they go back to." For the Birchers, what their children learn at camp provides a corrective to the subversive ideas taught in school. "The kids are indoctrinated with statism in the public schools," claims Karen Fiddament, whose daughter attended a Birch Society camp this summer. "The camps indoctrinate them with another point of view."

Despite the emphasis on ideology, however, the kids sent to the camps are not necessarily a breed apart from contemporaries who spend their summers catching poison ivy and frogs instead of lectures on solar heating and Big Brother. When the Hayden-Fonda campers drew up their own bill of rights, the first item was one that might appeal to the Birchers—or any other kids—as well: peace from parents.



Baby delivered by caesarean section (left) and twins (right) involved in the confusion at Haifa's Rambam Hospital in Israel

Behavior

A Maternity Ward Nightmare

A switch of Israeli babies stirs sorrow and lawsuits

"Solomon's famous judgment," sighed one attorney, "was easy compared with the complications of this case." True enough. Solomon, after all, had to decide the rightful mother of only one baby in the biblical dispute between the two harlots. Last week, after two months of tearful, rending drama that riveted their entire nation, Israeli officials settled an even more tangled baby case.

The problem began last June at Haifa's Rambam Hospital when two 21-year-old women gave birth some 24 hours apart. One had twin girls, the other a girl by caesarean section. Two or three days later, one of the twins and the other baby girl were accidentally switched, apparently by immigrant nurses who had trouble reading the Hebrew name tags. An observant supervisor quickly returned the babies to their correct mothers. But the women were worried. One complained that the baby given her did not look familiar, while the caesarean baby's mother said that the baby she now had could not have been hers because it had marks indicating a normal birth. A doctor agreed, and there was a third switch.

Deeply embarrassed, the hospital ordered several blood tests. But by the time the results were in, confirming that two of the three babies were still in the wrong arms, mothers and babies had already been home for six weeks. The women demanded more conclusive proof. So out went a call to Dr. Chaim Brautbar, a specialist in immunogenetics. He promptly began tissue-typing all the principals: babies, parents and grandparents. In such tests, scientists search the blood for small snatches of cellular material and compare it in order to establish genetic links between individuals.

By now emotions were so high that even Brautbar's female lab technicians burst into tears when he announced that

two babies were indeed in the wrong homes. The scientific Solomon patiently explained the tests to the mothers with color charts, but they remained distraught. Said one: "I know you are logically right, but if I talk to you from the bottom of my heart, it's difficult for me to accept what you say." Added the mother of the twins: "It sounds so easy going through a change, but only a mother knows the meaning of such a thing."

At 1:30 a.m. that morning, an hour chosen to protect the anonymity of the deeply distressed families, the babies were switched for the fourth and final time. Now a government committee will try to answer a troubling question: Why haven't Israeli hospitals taken to foot-printing babies at birth, a virtually fool-proof method of identification used in almost all advanced nations? ■

Bachelor Bulge

Britain has too many men

World War I virtually wiped out a generation of British males. The slaughter in the trenches claimed three-quarters of a million young Englishmen and helped produce the "spinster bulge" of the '20s and '30s, when Britain had a surplus of nearly 2 million women, most of whom were never able to marry.

By the late '40s, males had made a strong comeback and once again outnumbered females. But now, according to a demographic report, Britain is on the brink of a serious "bachelor bulge." Tucked away in a few paragraphs of a 100-page government study is startling information: in the 20- to 24-year age group, British males now outnumber females by 1.3 million to 789,000. In the prime marriage years, 20 to 34, the ratio is even more lop-

sided: there are 800,000 extra males. For the rest of the century, women will hold the upper hand in the marriage mart. Says Government Demographer Eugene Grebenik: "Women will not have to be so worried about being 'left on the shelf' because they will be in short supply."

Why the sudden shift? Nature produces 5% to 6% more boys than girls, apparently an evolutionary adjustment to the greater vulnerability of male babies to disease. Yet advances in medicine and hygiene now mean that more of these vulnerable young males are surviving. Also, in the past generation, Britain has not been involved in any major wars. Nor is there any longer a great empire to siphon off extra males. On the contrary, many males are coming in from the old colonies, even from underpopulated Australia, because opportunities are perceived to be greater in the mother country.

One major consequence of the bulge: despite the traditional male preference for younger spouses, men are turning increasingly to older women, who still sharply outnumber men above the age of 45. Significantly, since 1964, the number of males marrying women older than themselves has risen from 12% to 15%, and the trend is expected to continue. The crunch should come in the mid-1980s, when the men born at the tail end of Britain's postwar baby boom begin looking for brides in the smaller pool of women born during the 1960s. That prospect worries many population experts. They point out that a large surplus of males can bring increases in prostitution, homosexuality and serious crimes. In fact, most felonies are committed by young unmarried men.

Some Britons think their countrymen will somehow manage to muddle through, as always: men might simply marry later and become more reluctant to divorce. Indeed, the unflappable London *Times* says that the surplus may well be a healthy sign. It editorialized recently: "A society that rears relatively large numbers of these fragile males to maturity is by definition stable, peaceful and advanced in medical knowledge." ■

Medicine

Are Americans Being Zapped?

The microwave controversy generates demands for action

Raymond V. Krabbenhoft, 54, of St. Paul, Minn., has suffered three heart attacks and two strokes. Although his parents are alive at 89 and 82, he has had severe cataracts removed, is sterile, and must take two dozen pills a day. His problems, he insists, stem from his two years as an Army radar repairman on Iwo Jima during World War II when he was so severely exposed to microwaves that his brown hair turned red. Says he: "I was cooked."

Krabbenhoft realizes he cannot reverse his own serious ailments, but he wants others to be spared. At a conference sponsored by the Radar Victims Network in San Francisco last week, he and his fellow "victims," including Organization President Joseph Towne, met with doctors and lawyers to plot strategy for a national campaign. They want the Government to take action against what they consider the growing danger from microwave radiation. The U.S., said Los Angeles Radiation Specialist Dr. John McLaughlin, is one "giant microwave oven."

Such hyperbole aside, microwaves are indeed ubiquitous. Part of what physicists call the electromagnetic spectrum, they lie somewhere between conventional radio waves and infrared (heat) radiation in frequency and wave length. First widely used in radar during World War II, they are now generated by everything from telephone relay systems and television stations to garage door openers, burglar alarms, emergency highway call boxes, diathermy machines and, of course, the kitchen "radar" range.

One of the earliest researchers to express concern over microwaves was a New York ophthalmologist, Dr. Milton Zaret, who warned more than a decade ago that even low-level exposure could produce a peculiar type of cataract, or clouding, on the rear surface of the lens. (The lens is especially vulnerable to microwave "cooking" because it has no blood vessels to carry off heat.) In 1968 the Department of Health, Education and Welfare said that another organ was vulnerable as well: the testes, because only slight temperature changes can affect the sperm-producing process.

But it was not until 1972 that microwaves became a public issue or concern. That year it was revealed that the Russians had long been bombarding the American embassy in Moscow with microwaves, presumably as part of elaborate jamming and bugging schemes. Investigators claim to have found an unusually high incidence of cancer and blood disorders among embassy personnel, as well as a

number of birth defects in their offspring. A former Marine guard has filed for \$1.75 million in damages from the State and Navy departments for his severely retarded child. Increasingly, people exposed to large amounts of microwave radiation, notably air traffic controllers and radar operators, are seeking damages or disability payments from both the Government and private manufacturers.

At present federal authorities recommend a microwave exposure limit of ten milliwatts per sq. cm. But, says Dr. Morris Shore, director of the Food and Drug Administration's Division for Biological Ef-



Radar "victim" Joseph Towne
It is one giant radar oven.

fects, even this level may be too high. He notes that researchers are now finding birth malformations, impaired learning and locomotive ability, and altered body chemistry in lab animals exposed within the Government's "safe" limits.

Whether humans are similarly affected is debatable. In his popular and alarming book, *The Zapping of America*, Paul Brodeur said that Soviet scientists found during studies in the 1950s that workers exposed to microwave radiation were complaining of headaches, eye pain, weariness, memory loss, and a host of other

ailments. As a result, while bombarding the U.S. embassy with higher levels, the Soviets set a microwave limit for their own people of no more than ten microwatts per sq. cm., a thousand times less than the U.S. standard.

Yet many American researchers remain unconvinced that there is any real danger. Only recently a study by the National Academy of Sciences found that naval radar operators died no younger than their peers in other jobs. The Environmental Protection Agency points out that 98% of the U.S. population is exposed to less than one microwatt of microwave radiation at any one time. Says State Department Biologist Herbert Pollack: "The 'zapping of America' is just a sensationalist charge." Perhaps so, but in an era of microwaves, their use obviously requires continued research and education. ■

Tracking the Philly Killer

Scientists find a lair for the Legionnaires' disease bug

Few ailments in the history of epidemic diseases have been more baffling than the one that struck more than 200 people during an American Legion convention in Philadelphia in 1976. Since then, disease detectives have isolated the bacterium-like organism that causes Legionnaires' disease. But if this dangerous form of pneumonia, which is now suspected of afflicting up to 45,000 people a year in the U.S. alone and requires treatment with the antibiotic erythromycin, is ever to be fully understood, researchers must know where the as yet unnamed infecting agent usually lives and how it is transmitted to humans.

Last week, after investigating a recent outbreak in Bloomington, Ind., which killed three people, Atlanta's Center for Disease Control announced a partial solution of that puzzle. The organism, or one closely resembling it, was found in water from an air conditioning cooling tower atop the Indiana University Memorial Union Hotel, where many of the victims had stayed, as well as in a nearby creek. The key to the discovery: two new culture media specifically designed to foster laboratory growth of the bug, which ordinarily multiplies so slowly that it is obscured by other bacteria.

CDC Epidemiologist David Fraser was unable to say how the microbe got into the water; one theory: it was carried there by particles of dust, possibly from nearby construction activity. But he did not encourage that when antirust materials or algicides are added to the contaminated water, the organism perishes. ■

Law

Is Plea Bargaining a Cop-Out?

Critics say yes, but efforts to ban it bring mixed results

Ideally anyone charged with a crime in the U.S. is entitled to his day in court. The litany of rights is familiar: the state must prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, the accused has the right to be tried by a jury of his peers, and an impartial judge must carefully weigh the facts before handing down a sentence.

The reality, as anyone involved with criminal justice can attest to, is far different. In the vast majority of cases, the accused has no trial. His "day" in court is the few minutes it takes him to plead guilty. "Here we have an elaborate jury trial system, and only 10% of the accused get to use it," says Colorado Law School Professor Albert H. Alschuler.

"That's like solving America's transportation problems by giving 10% Cadillacs and making the rest go barefoot." For most defendants, justice is done by way of a deal: a guilty plea in exchange for the promise of reduced charges or a lighter sentence. Bargains are generally struck with the prosecutor; the judge usually rubber-stamps them.

Plea bargaining is as widely criticized as it is prevalent. Defendants claim they are railroaded into abandoning their right to a fair trial by zealous prosecutors who "overcharge" them and then agree to reduce the charge in exchange for a guilty plea. The public, on the other hand, complains that criminal defendants get off too lightly. In plea bargaining, armed robbery often becomes unarmed robbery (this is known as "swallowing the gun"), and burglaries by night miraculously become the lesser crime of burglary by day.

Many lawyers and prosecutors defend plea bargaining as "flexible," claiming that bargaining can shape the sentence to the individual defendant. What is more, says Maricopa County (Ariz.) Attorney Charles Hyder, it is "the greatest weapon a prosecutor has. The prosecutor is in the driver's seat. Usually the defendant is not aware of any weaknesses in a case."

The strongest argument for deal making, however, is sheer necessity. Approved of by Congress and the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, plea bargaining has been condoned by the U.S. Supreme Court as "essential." It is widely accepted that without deals between the prosecutor and the accused, time-consuming

trials would cause many courts to choke on overcrowded dockets. Chief Justice Warren Burger has said that even a 10% reduction in plea bargaining would double the number of trials.

Increasingly, however, the justification for plea bargaining as a necessary evil is being questioned. Most observers agree that certain overburdened urban jurisdictions would grind to a halt without it. But in two fair-sized cities, Portland, Ore., and New Orleans, district attorneys

doubt that district attorneys who grandly announce plea-bargain bans really enforce them. Still, it is difficult to understand why some jurisdictions manage to hold down plea bargaining, while others with comparable case loads bargain almost every time. Critics like Harvard Law School Professor Alan Dershowitz argue that bargaining is often born not of necessity but of "laziness"—or of judges competing for the cleanest docket, prosecutors aiming for high conviction rates or defense lawyers who find it more profitable to make quick deals than go through long trials.

The most thoroughgoing—and thoroughly studied—ban on plea bargaining went into effect in Alaska in August 1975.

A computer study released by the Alaska Judicial Council this summer found that in its first year, the ban was widely heeded by prosecutors. The result: longer sentences, as some hoped for, but no backlogs in criminal cases, as had been feared. In fact, such cases were disposed of faster after the ban went into effect (although, at the same time, a backlog began to develop in civil cases).

How did Alaska keep its courts from being swamped by criminal trials without the supposedly essential practice of plea bargaining? Unlike urban courts already streamlined to cope with heavy case loads, Alaska courts had sufficient slack to absorb more trials. Efficiency techniques instituted 16 months before the ban continued to whittle down court delay. More careful screening out of weak cases also helped. But the main reason Alaska's courts could keep up is that defendants continued to plead guilty in droves. The percentage of accused choosing to exercise their right to trial increased only from 6.7% to 9.6%. Why? "Because defendants know they have nothing to gain by going to trial," says Stevens Clarke, a University of North Carolina professor of public

law and government who monitored the study. Making a judge sit through several days of trial, especially if the defendant has perjured himself, can only bring down a harsher sentence than if the defendant had just pleaded guilty to begin with. "To me, that's still plea bargaining," says Colorado's Alschuler. "That's the loophole in the Alaska ban."

Another problem concerns the length of sentences. Alaska Attorney General Avrum Gross says his decision to abolish plea bargaining was strongly influenced by a 1975 case in which a "violent killer" plea-bargained a murder charge into manslaughter and was promptly released, since he had already



Alaska Attorney General Gross, who banned plea bargaining

Fair sentences or just spinning the courthouse doors?

claim that they have been able to get stiffer sentences without backlogging the court docket by cutting down on plea bargaining. According to New Orleans District Attorney Harry Connick, when he limited plea bargaining, the city's criminal court judges complained that "they would have to spend a lot of time on the bench trying cases. My feeling was that they were getting paid full-time salaries, and they could damn well work full time."

In scattered jurisdictions around the country, other prosecutors and judges have also tried to reduce deal making. Results are mixed: Boulder, Colo., for instance, reports trouble keeping up with its docket without trade-offs. And some



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Her grandmother came from Dublin.

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Law

served 18 months while awaiting trial. Instead of violent criminals getting tougher sentences under the ban, only drug offenders and people accused of minor property crimes ended up going to jail, more frequently or for longer terms. "The ones who really got socked were the low-risk offenders," says Clarke. "The ones with no prior record or whose crimes were not aggravated."

In short, acknowledged Clarke, the Alaska ban did not change the status quo all that much, and the merits of what it did change are open to debate. But the Alaska experience does underscore a blunt reality of criminal justice. As Chicago Law School Dean Norval Morris puts it, "Most defendants plead guilty because they are guilty." And if that is so, say Morris and others, perhaps the real question is not so much whether plea bargaining

deprives the accused of his right to a jury trial, but whether he gets a fair and rational sentence.

Presumably, judges should decide sentences. "After all, they are the impartial figures in the System," says Yale Law School Professor Abraham Goldstein. But in plea bargaining it is generally the prosecutor and not the judge who in effect decides whether and for how long a defendant is going to jail. Indeed, American Bar Association standards forbid judges to participate in bargaining, because the defendant would feel coerced to accept the judge's recommendation. Whether judges do participate varies from jurisdiction to jurisdiction. Often, says Alschuler, they do it implicitly, with veiled threats, cajolery, hints, nods and winks.

Reformers like Alschuler and Morris

think that judges should be involved in plea bargaining. Rather than prosecutors making deals based on a "rap sheet" and an arrest report, negotiations should be done out in the open, with the defendant present and with more thorough presentence investigation. Others question whether judges are any less arbitrary than prosecutors and look to mandatory sentences fixed by legislatures as the answer.

No matter who decides sentencing, says Richard Kuh, former New York County D.A., the focus of plea bargaining should not be on "spinning the revolving doors of the courthouse." It should be on "the defendant's rehabilitation or the public's protection." Says Chicago Law School Professor Franklin Zimring, "Because of plea bargaining, I guess we can say, 'Gee, the trains run on time.' But do we like where they're going?" ■

Press

Mixed Motives

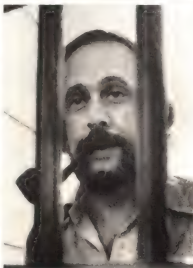
Timesman Farber under fire

When New York *Times* Reporter Myron Farber, 40, was tossed into a New Jersey jail two and a half weeks ago for refusing to give his notes to a trial judge, the issue seemed reasonably clear-cut. As of last week, it proved to be anything but.

It was Farber's digging that led to the multiple-murder indictment of Dr. Mario Jascavech, who is charged with injecting lethal doses of the muscle relaxant curare into three patients in a small suburban New Jersey hospital during 1965-66. The doctor's defense lawyer demanded to see Farber's notes, but Farber refused, citing the First Amendment and a New Jersey "shield" law that allows reporters the privilege of keeping their sources confidential. A New Jersey judge asked to see the notes in private, and Farber still refused. Off to jail he went, cited for contempt.

The *Times* backed "Our Man in Jail" all the way, paying heavy fines and providing counsel. Papers across the country rallied around, insisting that if reporters were forced to reveal their sources, news gathering would be impaired. Meanwhile, Farber's lawyers tried manifold appeals to New Jersey courts, to the U.S. Supreme Court, and finally to a federal court in Newark, N.J., seeking a writ of habeas corpus (for unlawful imprisonment) to get Farber released.

Then, last week, Federal Judge Frederick Lacey tore into Farber, accusing him of harboring mixed motives. Farber, it turns out, is writing a book about the Jascavech case and has been given a \$75,000 advance by Doubleday, his publisher. Charging that Farber has a



Reporter Farber behind bars in New Jersey

Boos in newsroom, barbs from the judge.

financial stake in seeing Jascavech convicted, Lacey declared: "This is a sorry spectacle of a reporter who purported to stand on his reporter's privilege when in fact he was standing on an altar of greed." How can Farber justify revealing information to a publisher for profit, demanded the judge, but not to a court when a man's life is at stake? James Goodale, the *Times*'s counsel, sharply criticized Lacey for making the book an issue when it was "absolutely, totally irrelevant" to the reason why Farber's lawyers had asked for the writ—simply, to get Farber released until a court decides the merits of his claim. Nonetheless, fearing a subpoena for the book and yet another contempt citation if Farber refused to turn over his manuscript, the lawyers

hastily withdrew their habeas petition.

Farber maintains that he has not revealed the identity of any confidential sources to his publisher (or anyone else). He also believes that the manuscript, like his notes, should be privileged. Arguing that the book is simply a red herring, Eugene Scheiman, one of his lawyers, insisted: "Authors have First Amendment rights. Woodward and Bernstein were not required to turn over their manuscripts. No one would argue that they would have to reveal the identity of Deep Throat."

With the issues becoming tangled, Farber and the *Times* last week seemed to be losing friends even in the press. Washington *Post* Columnist Haynes Johnson wrote: "All those high-sounding statements about journalistic integrity and courageously protecting news sources in defense of the Constitution now appear compromised." Warned former *Wall Street Journal* Editor Vermont Royster: "Not the least of the risks we run in raising the banner of the First Amendment on every occasion is of appearing arrogant to the people." ■

Choosing discretion over valor, Farber and his paper finally decided to hand over the manuscript to Judge William Arnold, who is trying the Jascavech case. Arnold accepted the book, commenting that it might make "interesting reading." Surprisingly, Jascavech's attorney, Raymond Brown, initially objected to Farber's offer, saying that he is after the notes, not the book. But some wonder about his motives as well. It has been suggested that Brown does not really want to see Farber's notes, knowing that they are actually useless to his case. He just wants Farber to refuse to turn them over on First Amendment grounds so that if Jascavech is convicted, he can claim an unfair trial on appeal. ■

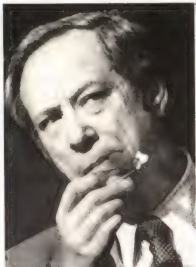
Greenbacks Under the Gun

As the buck dropped and bullion soared, the Administration talked action

Trying to cope with the worst dollar disaster yet, the Carter Administration last week seemed in peril of following what has become a distressingly familiar pattern: a portentous roll of publicity drums that builds up to a toot on an uncertain trumpet. Early in the week the dollar came under a concentrated cannonade from some financial Guns of August, and its steady, summer-long retreat turned into a disorderly rout. It fell $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ against the Swiss franc in a single day, while the price of gold, the ultimate refuge for investors worried lest their dollars become worth much less, hit an unheard-of \$215.90 an ounce. So the White House passed the word that President Carter was "deeply concerned" and had asked Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal and Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller for advice on what he could do to stop the drop. Then the President called a press conference for Thursday afternoon; the dollar rose briskly, and the price of gold declined, in anticipation of some immediate action.

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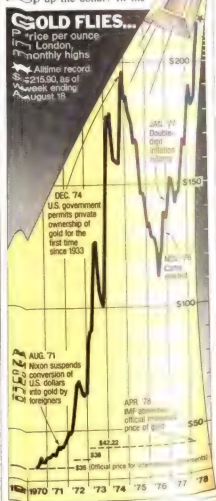
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As the currencies of Japan and the West European countries rise against the dollar, the products of these countries become more expensive and harder to sell in world markets—so their economies are threatened too. At worst, the process, if allowed to continue, would lead to a breakdown of world trade and investment, for businessmen cannot make rational decisions if they do not know what the major trading and reserve currency—the dollar—will be

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- Buy up dollars aggressively to support their price, and urge foreign central banks to do the same. The Federal Reserve moved into the currency markets late last week, but the government banks of West Germany, Switzerland and Japan scarcely acted at all. Their position is that they have spent billions in the past to support the dollar, with only momentary success. But they might be persuaded to resume support if the dollar buying were combined with other actions, and the U.S. showed greater willingness to intervene.
- Sell more Treasury gold, and try to persuade other governments to dump some of their hoards. Gold sales by the Treasury and the International Monetary Fund so far have been too small to affect the price much. The world's central banks and the IMI hold 40,000 tons of gold, about half the total ever mined. If a significant amount were thrown onto the market, the price would be knocked down hard, perhaps to \$100 an ounce or so. As the dollar gained in value against gold, it might also rise against foreign currencies as well. But central banks are reluctant to part with the one reserve asset they hold that is increasing dramatically in worth.
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No one of these moves would be sufficient to steady up the dollar over the long run, but some combination of them might buttress the buck long enough to permit fundamental market forces to take over. The Carter Administration has long hoped that the dollar's slide would eventually be self-correcting. It would boost U.S. exports by making them cheaper, cut imports by making them more expensive, and thus lower the trade deficit; then the dollar would rise again. There are some signs that the Administration's faith may not be in vain. For example, Japanese imports now account for only 9% of all cars sold in the U.S., down from 14% in January, but their prices have risen so much that the benefit in dollar terms is not readily apparent. The trade deficit declined from a monthly record \$4.5 billion in February to a still very high \$1.6 billion in June.

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Perhaps the most menacing sign of loss of faith in the dollar is the wild gold rush that shovels the price of that indestructible metal to a close of \$208.50 an ounce last week — up 25% so far this year. The boom has been primarily a dollar phenomenon. The price of gold in yen or marks has changed only slightly. But from Hong Kong to London, gold markets that once were the preserve of diehard fundamentalists are crawling with investors—corporate treasurers, money managers, individual speculators—eager to turn dollars into the metal that has always been a mystical symbol of value.

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Economy & Business

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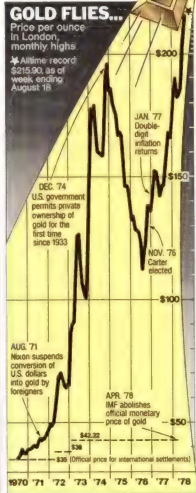
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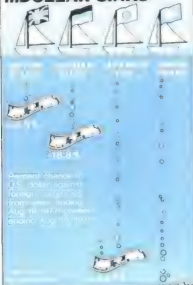
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Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

The Gnome of Wall Street



A gold "Deak Dollar"

a steadily dwindling supply, sending prices rocketing. Though nearly all the gold ever mined (some 80,000 tons) is still around, most of it is either locked away in vaults of central banks or stashed in private hoards. Buyers essentially must bid against each other to purchase newly mined gold—and production in South Africa, the leading mining nation, fell to 700 tons last year, 30% less than in 1970. Moreover, makers of jewelry and industrial products are expected to snap up about 70% of what new gold does become available this year, leaving still less for the goldbugs to fight over.

For South Africa, the rise in price has more than made up for the drop in output. One bank estimates that at an average price of only \$190 an ounce in 1978, the nation's export earnings would climb \$1 billion over last year, to \$4.2 billion. The Soviet Union is the No. 2 gold miner, and last year its Wozhchod Bank sold 401 tons at an average price of \$150 an ounce, earning a tidy \$2 billion. This year Wozhchod expects to sell another 400 tons, at much higher profit.

The U.S. for many years has been trying to "demonetize" gold—that is, end its use as a reserve asset—on the reasonable ground that the volume of world trade and investment should not depend on how much of a yellow metal can be dug out of the ground in South Africa. But the price rise is renewing gold's glitter in the eyes of central bankers. Australia, Italy, France and The Netherlands, all financial allies of the U.S., have revalued their gold holdings from the old official rate of \$35 an ounce to the prevailing market price, thus multiplying the value of their reserves with the scratch of a pen. The U.S., which has not joined the revaluation trend, still reckons the worth of its 8,516-ton gold hoard at \$35 an ounce, or \$11.5 billion.

Some less developed countries are even more dazzled by gold. To help cover their balance of payments deficits, the IMF gives them dollars or allows them to buy gold at preferential prices. In April, 39 developing countries, including India, Kenya, Mexico, Tanzania and Nepal, demanded the gold instead of dollars. India, indeed, is engaged in what amounts to a gigantic gold speculation: it has started to sell at auction 2.4 million ounces of gold, presumably including the 800,000 ounces that it bought from the IMF in June. The Indians hope to get a better price than the \$183 an ounce they paid the IMF, and probably they will.

The Indians, of course, have justification. They must try as hard as they can to pay off the nation's foreign debts—and it is hardly their fault if they can do a better job by turning their dollars into gold, and then back into dollars, than by just using the dollars. But the very fact that such roundabout maneuvers are likely to pay off underlines how urgent it is for the U.S. to stop the dollar's slide. ■

When he was in his early 40s, a mere strapping, Nicholas Deak parachuted into the Burmese jungles and the Balkans on many spooky missions as an agent of the Office of Strategic Services in World War II. Now, in his early 70s, Deak has slowed down only a bit. He runs—not jogs, runs—three to five miles every morning on his own track at his estate in suburban New York. Then he is chauffeured to the global headquarters of Deak & Co., in the Deak-Perera Building near Wall Street, where he directs the largest foreign exchange business in the Western Hemisphere.

"In gold we trust," is Deak's philosophy, and he has made many fortunes by dealing in gilt and anxiety. Clients crowd his Hong Kong branch offices to buy newly minted "Deak Dollars," small gold coins that command premium prices because they are stamped with Deak's aquiline features. Other customers stand in line at his 42nd Street outlet in Manhattan to buy gold coins and Swiss franc traveler's checks, which they stash away as investments. At this rate, Nick Deak will be giving Karl Malden some competition. Still other investors—widows, orphans and the simply frightened—seek Deak for investment advice or put their money into gold, silver or Swiss franc deposits in his banks in Switzerland and Austria. In a dull year he may earn about \$1 million for himself. And this has been anything but a dull year.

An eminent goldbug, a professional pessimist, Deak understands the psychology of people who have lost faith in mere money and paper shares. Critics, including many stockbrokers, say that Deak has a great 17th century mind, that his views would make Marie Antoinette look like Bella Abzug. But his opinions are important, since so many nervous people share them.

"World inflation has reached crisis proportions, only we do not realize it," says Deak, his Bela Lugosi accent echoing his native Transylvania. The demands for federal spending on welfare and defense are so intense that "various measures taken by Government can affect inflation and the dollar, but only very little. I am afraid that inflation will increase, and eventually our monetary system will collapse and our social structure will change. I went through all this before—in Hungary, Austria and Germany in the 1920s—and the trend is inevitable."

Deak castigates federal policies—but what would he do if he were Treasury Secretary? He laughs: "The first thing I would do is resign. Bill Simon, a very good man, had that job. He told me that it took him a year to find his way around and about another year to become convinced that he couldn't do anything because of the bureaucracy and the Congress."

If inflation brings gross social change, not everybody will be hurt. Deak calculates that people who possess resources will do well. Farmers will flourish—unless Government steps in to regulate their income. His vested interests move Deak to believe that gold holders will prosper, because he expects the barbarous metal to rise and rise. The Arabs, he notes, are pushing up the price by putting so much of their new wealth in gold. He is less enthusiastic about big gold coins than small ones, which are easier to barter in a pinch. He thinks that silver has even more potential for gain because it has not yet risen as much as gold, and within two years there will be a shortage of silver for industrial use. He dislikes stocks in gold-mining companies because they are taxed; he shuns real estate for the same reason.

"But the best protection of all," says Deak, "is to stay deeply engaged in the system, to ride with the rough waves and hope to stay on the crest." That is a remarkable conclusion for a bear, but Deak explains that people will do all right if they have goods or services or skills to market, for those will always be in demand. The people who stand to suffer are the untrained and the unlettered, which is a most important reason that inflation must be crushed and severe crisis avoided.

Skeptics and optimists may dismiss these views as the urbane musings of just another gold fanatic. But it should be remembered that Nick Deak is a survivor—of wars, inflation and collapses on two continents over half a century—and in difficult times, perhaps the survivors can offer us a lesson.



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Natural gas found 100 miles off the New Jersey coast last week by a Texaco drilling rig burning off in a flare visible for 20 miles

Big Gamble's First Return

A hundred miles west, hotshot Sunday evening gamblers were eagerly rolling dice at Atlantic City's new casinos. Although none of them knew it, at that same moment Texaco oilmen at sea on a drilling rig, which was moored in 432 ft. of water near the edge of the U.S. continental shelf, were playing for much higher stakes. Aboard the *Ocean Victory*, they nervously awaited the results of a test detonation 14,000 ft. below the ocean floor that could tell the outcome of their \$30 million search for oil and natural gas.

There was no gusher. Instead, pressure gauges simply showed that something—oil or gas—was trying to come up.

Hours later, a mixture of mud, water and natural gas vented from the wellhead in a cloud that when ignited whooshed into a 30-ft. flare visible 20 miles away. A second test at 13,000 ft. yielded indications of oil.

These first-ever East Coast finds cannot yet be classified as true strikes by Texaco and its five partners. More wells will have to be drilled to see if there is enough oil or gas to justify installing a permanent production platform.

But Texaco's news is encouraging to the 39 companies that have spent more than \$1 billion on lease purchases in the area. Since drilling began last March, Shell and Continental have reported dry holes. Now at last, all the deep water gamblers can afford to be more optimistic that their wagers will eventually pay off.

City Bank

Cheap mortgages in Chicago

Pst. Want a mortgage for under 8%? Try moving to Chicago.

Interest rates on most home loans have long hovered around 9½% or 10% or more, but last week more than 2,000 families in Chicago were able to get financing at a bargain 7.99%. The funds involved, totaling \$83 million, were raised through tax-free municipal bonds in an intriguing experiment in encouraging urban homeownership.

The cut-rate mortgages were devised by the E.F. Hutton brokerage firm, working closely with city hall. Alarmed by the continuing exodus of Chicagoans to the suburbs—the city has lost about 50,000 middle-class citizens a year since the mid-1950s—Mayor Michael Bilandic warmly embraced the plan as a way to subsidize home loans without increasing taxes.

The city issued \$100 million worth of long-term bonds paying 6.99% tax-free interest, which were marketed through a Hutton-organized underwriters' syndicate. The bonds sold out in a day; the underwriters split a \$3 million fee, and a Chicago savings and loan association got the job of lending out most of the proceeds as mortgage money. The rest, \$14 million,

was set aside in a special fund to cover any defaults: the income from this money, which is to be invested in high-yield (8.5%) Government securities, will cover the underwriters' fee and other costs. Unlike federal home-loan subsidies, which now are usually targeted for lower-income home buyers, these mortgages are available to applicants with incomes up to \$40,000—the middle-class taxpayers that the city is most anxious to keep.

On the purchase of a \$60,000 house, residents would save \$85 a month compared with the cost of a conventional mortgage. Engineer John Passarello, 24, and his wife, a secretary, saved for a year to get a down payment for a \$45,000, two-bedroom house on the city's South Side, but were unable to find regular financing under 10.1%. The city-backed loan, Passarello says, "will make the difference between having to scrimp and being able to enjoy our new home."

Some Chicagoans criticized the program, arguing that the city has been losing its middle class mainly because of crime and poor schools, not high housing costs. Bankers also fret about possible disruptive effects on the regular mortgage market. Still, the experiment has appeal in an age of spreading downtown decay and rising taxpayer unrest. Two Colorado cities, Denver and Pueblo, plan similar programs to start in a few weeks. ■

Friendlier Skies

But more screening too

Last year the security guards now posted in just about all U.S. airports seized precisely 2,034 weapons—most of them carried by passengers about to board planes, others discarded in airport washrooms or behind the plastic palms in the waiting areas. Despite the sharp increase in air travel so far this year, the weapons take is off by about 25%. As of mid-August, the Federal Aviation Administration reports, the total of pistols, rifles, Mace canisters and assorted other items of hardware seized had reached "only" 962.

With air travel on the rise because of the profusion of cheaper fares, FAA Chief Langhorne Bond speculates that the industry may be seeing a "new breed" of gentler, friendlier mass air traveler. Nonetheless, the bad old kind is still a problem. Worldwide, there were 31 sky-jacking attempts last year, vs. only 15 in 1976. This year the number of such incidents has remained high, with 14 attempts so far, including three in the U.S.—all of which were unsuccessful. New breed or no, the FAA has extended its requirement for the screening of air travelers from just scheduled flights to charterers as well. ■



"I learned about white rum and tonic from Ilie Nastase."

BILL DENNIS,
Tennis Tournament Director

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Economy & Business

Bedroom to Board Room

Headquarters—and headaches—in suburbia

When a big company packs up and flees Manhattan's high taxes and other irritations, where is it most likely to move its headquarters? The answer, surprisingly, is not some place in the Sunbelt but just 30 miles or so away, Connecticut's Fairfield County. Long famed as tony bedroom communities for high-paid commuters to the corporate canyons of New York City, such towns as Greenwich, Darien and Westport have become board-room communities for many of those same bosses: they have brought their offices closer to their homes.

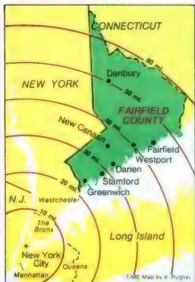
In 1968 Fairfield County was the headquarters for only four companies on the FORTUNE 500 list. Now there are 24, tying Fairfield with Chicago for second place, behind New York City (82), as a

corporate address. Before long the county will move ahead of Chicago: Union Carbide, the Continental Group Inc. (formerly Continental Can) and Singer Co. have announced plans to move in.

The chief boon for the companies has been higher productivity. Staffers are still close enough to Manhattan to run in for a Broadway play but are spared the drudgery of daily commuting. They no longer wander in late because of railroad tie-ups, and they tend to stay to clean up the day's work rather than flee at the stroke of 5 p.m. to catch the next train. Some firms have even been able to lengthen their formal work week. The Olin Corp., whose 1969 move from Manhattan to Stamford led off the exodus to Fairfield County, cut its lunch period from one hour to half an hour. Union Carbide, which now works its employees seven hours a day in New York City, will adopt an eight-hour day next year when it moves to a site near Danbury.

The firms report that their shift to suburbia has also made it easier to recruit executives from other parts of the country. Champion International relocated in Stamford (pop. 108,000) partly because it wanted to bring in managers from Cincinnati and St. Paul, Minn., and found that many resisted a move to New York. Similarly, Union Carbide Executive James C. Rowland cites "Middle America attitudes" about city problems as a reason for that company's move to Danbury (pop. 60,000). Says he: "We think Danbury will always be more like the area that we are recruiting people from."

Fully half the companies that have moved to the county have settled in Stamford, which has changed from a dingy factory town into a showcase for imaginative corporate architecture. General Tele-



TIME Map by M. Hughes

Two examples of Stamford's stunning corporate architecture: headquarters of Continental Oil and General Signal in High Ridge Park



Flag-bedecked Landmark Square





Schweppes U.S.A.'s drum-shaped executive offices in Stamford, where rush-hour traffic jams are beginning to rival Manhattan's

phone & Electronics occupies a striking tower, shaped like an inverted pyramid, that has helped to transform a once decaying downtown section. Champion International's offices in the 21-story Landmark Tower overlook buildings forming a complex that includes a sunken plaza used for tennis in the summer, skating in the winter. Continental Oil, Xerox, Texasgulf and General Signal are in High Ridge Park, which, with six modern buildings set on 40 acres of lawns and woodlands, is an archetypal corporate "campus."

The effect of the headquarters migration has shown up dramatically in real estate inflation. In downtown Stamford, office space now rents at Manhattan rates: \$17 to \$23 a foot. Housing costs have soared, partly because so many moneyed people are looking for shelter and partly because real estate taxes are lower than in New York's neighboring Westchester County. In Greenwich, a four-bedroom house that sold for \$80,000 in 1968 goes for \$200,000 today. Rising housing costs are lessening the financial advantages of working in Connecticut. But they are still substantial because the Nutmeg State has no income tax, while New York has both state and city taxes: the state tax rate on incomes of more

than \$30,000 is \$2,760, plus 15% of anything above. Fantus Co., a relocation consultant, estimates that an executive in the \$40,000-to-\$50,000 range in Connecticut may enjoy about 8% more take-home pay than he would in New York City.

For lower-level employees, following the firm out to the suburbs can be onerous, involving a daily "reverse" commute from the city or a hard search for affordable housing. For this reason, companies are sometimes accused of leaving New York City for racist reasons, even though some of the firms have increased their minority employment. The percentage of blacks and Hispanics working in office and clerical jobs at Olin, for ex-

ample, has risen from 13% to 16%. Minorities account for a fifth of Stamford's population, and, says Champion International President Andrew Sigler, "We are lined up twelve-deep to hire every black kid who gets out of high school."

As the county fills up, it is developing some of the problems that the companies moved there to escape. Partly because of rising traffic congestion, Greenwich has placed tight limits on how much land can be zoned for business use, and Darien has imposed a moratorium on commercial construction.

Moves of big-company headquarters are steadily getting harder to arrange—and more expensive. Union Carbide went to Danbury partly because it could not find enough land at a reasonable price nearer New York City. The company expects to pay up to \$40 million just in moving expenses for the 3,250 employees that it will transfer starting next year. Despite—or because of—its distance from New York, the company expects to find the Big Apple umbilical hard to cut. The firm will spend \$2.25 million for a pair of twelve-passenger Sikorsky S-76 helicopters to ferry executives to and from the New York airports and appointments in Manhattan. ■

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY GED A. BROWN



General Telephone and Electronics' inverted pyramid

American Thread Co. building, features colonnade and decorative pool

Striking austerity is Xerox's look



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Cinema

High Hopes

GIRL FRIENDS

Directed by Claudia Weill
Screenplay by Vicki Polon

Girl Friends is very easy to admire—from a distance. Shot on a shoe-string budget with mostly unsung actors, this film was made by a young woman director working outside the studio system. Claudia Weill, co-director of Shirley MacLaine's documentary *The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir*, raised the money for *Girl Friends* herself, then hawked the movie to distributors (eventually landing Warner Bros.). Although the film's real subject is female friendship, Weill is

like TV's Brenda Morgenstern: she is a sassy, overweight Jewish woman who is luckless with men and still struggling in her career as a photographer. Her roommate Anne Munroe (Anita Skinner) is an even more familiar type—a svelte, high-strung WASP with ambitions to write poetry. When Anne leaves the nest to get married, her relationship with Susan starts to deteriorate. Since we never understood why they were close friends in the first place, it is impossible to care about the seemingly arbitrary squabbles that follow.

The film doesn't do much better at dealing with the heroines as individuals. Anne's ambiguous struggles with her square husband (Bob Balaban), her career and motherhood seem to be yet an-

other extension of *The Group*. Susan's predictable progress toward personal and professional self-confidence offers few surprises to anyone who has ever met Georgy Girl or Sheila Levine. The only fresh scenes in the film are those that describe Susan's touching, unrequited affair with a married middle-aged rabbi (Eli Wallach) whom she meets while photographing weddings and bar mitzvahs.

Beyond its narrative difficulties, Vicki Polon's screenplay still leaves a lot to be desired. Polon is no wit, and her attempts to portray such overly familiar New Yorkers as SoHo art dealers, pushy cab drivers and Greenwich Village hipsters flat. Hot issues like lesbianism and abortion are dragged into the action for cheap effects rather than serious consideration. There is not a single memorable or startling line in the movie.

The direction is often as fuzzy as the

screenplay, but Weill does get the best out of her cast. Mayron, who played the hitchhiker in *Harry and Tonto*, resists the trap of sentimentalizing Susan. In her best moments—all with men, intriguingly enough—we see the heroine's intelligence and are spared any self-pity. The other actors follow the star's lead. Wallach, Balaban and Christopher Guest (as Susan's one dogged suitor) all keep potentially cloying characters in check.

Even so, there may be a few too many likable people on-screen. Everyone in *Girl Friends* is so self-effacing that the movie never works up any convincing dramatic tension or provocative ideas. If that was Weill's original plan, she has gone to a lot of unnecessary trouble. You don't have to raise your own money to make a mushy movie; you can just go to Hollywood and auction yourself off.

—Frank Rich

Bitte? Prego!

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE

Directed by Franco Brusati
Screenplay by Franco Brusati,
Iaia Fiastri and Nino Manfredi

We are in a sunny Swiss park. Birds twitter. Seated on chairs in the grass, a string quartet plays Mozart. Well-dressed passers-by enjoy the sedate and placid scene. Along comes Nino, a waiter on his day off, a lover of music and birds, a man at peace with the world. He sits under a tree, takes a hero sandwich out of his pocket, unwraps it and —CHOMP!—the birds fall silent, the string quartet loses its place, and the passers-by glance about frowningly to see who made the horrid sound.

That is what it is like to be an Italian *Fremdarbeiter* (foreign worker) in Switzerland, says Director Franco Brusati in this funny and rueful comedy. Obviously there are tensions between newcomer and old settler in any society—the mutual loathing of poor Mexican Americans and rich Anglos in Southern California comes to mind—but there is no denying that the misalliance of Swiss stuffiness and Italian disorder has a resonance all its own. Nino (amiably played by Nino Manfredi) tries to be fair-minded about the Swiss disdain. "We often can't stand each other, so imagine how foreigners feel," he explains to an Italian busboy who has been fistfighting to defend his national honor. Nino would like to take the next train home to his wife and children and to a society where his accent is the normal way of speech, not a laughable flaw.

There is no work in Italy, however. So Nino struggles humbly to fit into a culture that is patently superior (since its currency is sound), but the natural man keeps bursting out. He relieves himself against a wall just as a proper Swiss burgher clicks a photograph of his proper wife, and in



Anita Skinner, Bob Balaban and Melanie Mayron in *Girl Friends*
Sheila Levine is alive and well and living in New York.

not a dogmatic feminist. *Girl Friends* tells of both men and women who suffer the pangs of young adulthood in present-day Manhattan.

So far so good. The problem with *Girl Friends* is the movie itself. Weill's film is not half so interesting as its intentions. There are some nice things in it—finely shaded performances, a couple of amusing scenes—but they cannot carry a movie that lacks such essentials as sharp writing, cinematic flair and a strong point of view. Could it be that Weill spent so much energy producing *Girl Friends* that she was all tuckered out once she began to shoot? The film feels tired.

The picture gets in trouble very early. The opening scenes, meant to establish the title characters, are much too sketchy. Susan Weinblatt (Melanie Mayron) comes across as little more than a standard Upper West Side ugly duckling,

other extension of *The Group*. Susan's predictable progress toward personal and professional self-confidence offers few surprises to anyone who has ever met Georgy Girl or Sheila Levine. The only fresh scenes in the film are those that describe Susan's touching, unrequited affair with a married middle-aged rabbi (Eli Wallach) whom she meets while photographing weddings and bar mitzvahs.

Beyond its narrative difficulties, Vicki Polon's screenplay still leaves a lot to be desired. Polon is no wit, and her attempts to portray such overly familiar New Yorkers as SoHo art dealers, pushy cab drivers and Greenwich Village hipsters flat. Hot issues like lesbianism and abortion are dragged into the action for cheap effects rather than serious consideration. There is not a single memorable or startling line in the movie.

The direction is often as fuzzy as the

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Cinema



Manfredi in *Bread and Chocolate*

Trying hard to feel Swiss.

the resulting fuss—such animals, these Italians—Nino loses his job.

A beautiful Greek refugee (Anna Karina) befriends him, but they drift apart. He dyes his hair blond and looks amazingly Nordic, yet he can't bring himself to cheer against the Italian soccer team. In fact he can't get the knack of feeling Swiss. He sinks to the ignominy of working as a

chicken plucker with a gang of benighted fellow Italians who live in a chicken coop. Brusati likes to set up grotesque tableaux to make his point, and in this goofy scene a group of tall, slim, impossibly blond Swiss youths and maidens come to bathe nude in a stream, as the short, squat, dark-haired Italians, smeared with feathers and chicken blood, peer out at them in wonder and longing through the wire of their coop. It is Italian servility that is being lampooned here, and not in the least gently. *Bread and Chocolate* does not reach this high level consistently—for at least half of its length it plays for any laughs it can get—but in the chicken-coop episode and one or two others, it is social satire as caustic as anything seen in a long time.

—John Skow

Throwaway

HOOPER

Directed by Hal Needham

Screenplay by Thomas Rickman and Bill Kerby

Hooper is Burt Reynolds' annual Kleeplex of a movie—something to use and throw away without much thought beyond a certain gratitude for the convenience of the thing. This time the nation's favorite good ole boy is cast as an aging

movie stunt man being challenged for his ascendancy in the profession by a kid (Jan-Michael Vincent). The rough edges of the latter's ambitions, however, are smoothed down by the camaraderie of the stunt-man community, so after some brawling and boozing, he and Reynolds end up collaborating on a car stunt that breaks all records for lunatic derring-do.

It is too bad that this enterprise is so laid-back. There is something fascinating about men who are willing to risk their lives just to give movie audiences a thrill, and it is a shame that the opportunity to get an authentic glimpse of how they live and work and think (both Reynolds and Director Needham come out of this small, closed world) has been frittered away through banal plotting and thin characterization.

On the other hand, this loose style of moviemaking can be agreeable, as the Reynolds-Needham team proved with last year's *Smokey and the Bandit*. They have a good sense of how people behave on movie sets, of the gags they work out to relieve the odd combination of tension and boredom that typically affects a location. There is also a neat satirical portrait of a pretentious young director whose good grosses on his last picture have convinced him that he is a serious cinematic artist, despite the fact that he is making no more than an action flick. Robert Klein.

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Cinema

his round face and soft body contrasting effectively with his demanding egocentricity of manner, gives a fine-tuned comic performance of a boy-man. He very nearly steals the show from the lallygaggers and makes the point that if they had all tried as hard as he does, they might have made a really good film instead of a merely likable one.

—Richard Schickel

Leaden Fuel

THE DRIVER

Directed and Written by Walter Hill

The driver (Ryan O'Neal) is the man behind the wheel of the getaway car, waiting for the robbers to come pelting out of the bank with their loot. The cop (Bruce Dern) has a never-explained obsession with putting this particular wheel-man behind bars. This leads to the burning of much tire rubber, the crunching of much metal, but not much psychological or sociological edification. And not much emotional involvement in the proceedings, since neither man is ever shown to be anything but a grim-faced psychopath, hiding under the fashionable guise of being a "professional."

A few years ago, Writer-Director Hill was responsible for a nice, tight-mouthed action film called *Hard Times*, which featured Charles Bronson as a bare-knuckle fighter scrapping to stay alive in Depression-America. It gave a good account of a man trapped in brutality by bitter circumstances, and Hill may well have had something equally deterministic in mind when he set out to make this study of how cop and criminal mentalities begin to merge when both have too long inhabited the demimonde. But in the earlier movie, the Depression offered some explanation for Bronson's hardness. Here we haven't the faintest idea what motivates these two men in modern-day America. Given O'Neal's skill as a driver, the thought keeps occurring that he could be doing just as well, with a lot less hassle, on the stock-car circuit. And Dern's cynicism easily qualifies him for a job behind a big desk at an entertainment conglomerate.

Other random thoughts occur. For example, how come in movies like this a couple of crooks can indulge in a top-speed car chase through downtown Los Angeles for 20 minutes without attracting a single squad car, when you or I get hauled in just for failing to make a left-turn signal? How come Hill insists on making the leading lady (Isabelle Adjani) so enigmatic, so much the dark lady of a thousand bad-screenplays, that the entire audience giggles every time she talks without moving her lips? And, finally, how come the Department of Energy didn't shut this picture down? It must have cost Kuwait's entire monthly output to fuel this nonsense, with a resultant entertainment value somewhat beneath James Schlesinger's latest speech.

R.S.

Science

Fuss over Fusion

Superheat from Princeton

In theory, no single energy source has seemed more promising than fusion, the process by which science seeks to kindle the same nuclear fires as those in the sun. But until recently, progress has been painfully slow: fusion is not expected to produce power before well into the 21st century. Now an experiment at Princeton University has ignited new optimism about the future of fusion.

For 20 milliseconds, the doughnut-shaped device known as the Princeton Large Torus held a plasma of hydrogen and deuterium in a strong magnetic field at a temperature of 60 million degrees centigrade—four times higher than the sun's own internal heat and better than twice the mark set at Princeton last December. Equally important, feared instabilities at that temperature did not occur, making the physicists more confident than ever that they will be able to demonstrate the scientific feasibility of fusion by reaching the magical break-even point: when as much energy comes out of a reaction as goes into it.

In the latest work the Princeton physicists exceeded their own expectations. The addition of four high-power "neutral beam" injectors, developed at Oak Ridge National Laboratory, pumped extra energy into the hot plasma, and a shrewd switch to graphite from tungsten in critical components of the torus vacuum chamber reduced heat loss. The director of the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory, Melvin Gottlieb, is now convinced that the break-even point can be reached with Princeton's new and bigger torus, slated to begin operation in 1981.

Yet if scientists thought they were putting superheat on the Carter Administration for more fusion funding, they were probably mistaken. John Deutch, the Department of Energy's research chief, pointedly noted that while the Princeton work was gratifying, it was not a "break-through." Thus the Administration remains tilted more toward conservation and coal, less toward advanced research, however exciting it may be. ■

Chimp to Chimp

Those garrulous primates

The two youngsters, ages 4½ and 3½, are perched on stools before a large console with pushbuttons, doing their lessons. For a while they peck busily away at the keys. But like playful kids everywhere, they eventually become bored and mischievous. Ignoring their work, they start to hug, squeal and make faces at each other, wrestle a lit-

tle and bound merrily about the room.

Rambunctious students in a computer-age kindergarten? Well, sort of. The students, named Sherman and Austin, are chimpanzees, enrolled in an extraordinary class at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center in Atlanta. Despite their occasional unruly conduct, they are being successfully taught to "talk" to each other in a language other than their own usual mix of sounds and gestures. That may be a scientific first, say their instructors, who are led by a husband-wife team of psychologists, Yerkes' Sue Savage-Rumbaugh and Georgia State University's Duane Rumbaugh.

foods and could identify foods by hitting the right buttons on their console. But could they be taught to exchange such information as well?

In one test, the researchers report in *Science*, they alternately fed each chimp off by himself into another room. There he was allowed to watch a container being filled with any one of eleven different kinds of food, such as bananas, bean cake and candy. Handed the food, he was then led back by a researcher (who did not know the container's contents). The other chimp quickly eyed the sealed container but had no idea what was in it either. The returning chimp would then press the



Austin (right) waits at window for the candy he has requested from Sherman. As playful and mischievous as youngsters in a computer-age kindergarten.

For the past few years, researchers have become increasingly skilled at opening dialogues with chimpanzees, perhaps man's closest kin in the animal world. The famed chimp Washoe, now in Oklahoma, has managed to learn more than 100 hand sign-language symbols since the mid-'60s. At Yerkes, a sprightly female named Lana was tutored to communicate with her keepers in a language called Yerkish—a system of geometric symbols (squares, circles, lines, etc.) that stand for English words. By punching out these symbols, or lexigrams, as they are called, on a computer-monitored console, which displayed them on an overhead screen, Lana became skilled enough in Yerkish to say things like "Please machine give Lana juice." But not until now have such human-designed symbols been used by one chimp to "converse" with another.

Like Lana, Sherman and Austin first had to be introduced to Yerkish. Encouraged by praise and rewards of food, they soon learned the lexigrams for different

appropriate button on the console, which would flash the lexigram for the food on the screen. If the other chimp understood and identified what he saw by also pressing the correct button, both chimps would be rewarded with the food. In one series of trials, Sherman and Austin got the message (and the snack) across to each other 60 out of 62 times.

But could the animals communicate directly on the console without human participation? To find out, the scientists separated the chimps by a transparent barrier with a small opening in it. Only one chimp was given food, but the other chimp could see the varied delicacies. Spontaneously, without any prodding by the investigators, he would punch out his request and, more often than not, his husband would comply. At first Sherman, older and apparently more quick-witted, seemed to make "errors." When asked to share an especially tasty item—say, chocolate—he occasionally ignored the request, seemed to feign ignorance or proffered something less desirable. ■

Sport



Vida Blue, ready to fire; Dodgers' Ron Cey sliding into second; Pitcher Don Sutton follows through on a curve ball

Giants and Dodgers Tangle Again

In California an old rivalry gets a new lease on life

A laughter. A choker. A squeaker. A heart stopper. The four-game series in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium had everything a baseball fan could hope for. It was high August, but the lead in the National League West had changed hands twice in four days. It was high August, but the teams sweating it out from game to game were not just the plump, lordly Dodgers and the once mighty Cincinnati Reds. For San Francisco has risen from the dead, and to Giant fans, at least, sweet are the uses of resurrection.

After six baleful, bitter years, a full 16 seasons after Willie Mays & Co. brought them their first West Coast pennant in 1962, the Giants for most of 1978 have been leading the league in a ding-dong race. Giant fans, regarded as an endangered species likely to be spotted only on beaches, at discos and in therapy groups, are flocking to Candlestick Park, breaking all attendance records (1.3 million, nearly doubled since last year). Now they dance in the stadium after victory, howl for Dodger blood and scream their affection for a new-found love, Pitcher Vida Blue. "Bloo! Bloo! Bloo!"

The original Dodger-Giant rivalry goes back a lifetime, to New York City, the shadow of Coogan's Bluff and the baseball shades that still haunt Flatbush Avenue. But the reborn Giants seem to be rekindling their old rivalry with the Dodgers. They are a hungry, young team



San Francisco's Knepper with doting fans

Hot words, cold beer and shouts of "Bloo."

with a scrambling, come-from-behind style that disarms fans and ages managers unmercifully. So far this year the Giants have gone into extra innings 16 times and have won 34 of their 70 victories by a single run.

Last week's shootout showed them at their scrappy worst and best. In the first game the fat-bat Dodgers (with a team average of .261, second in the league) simply blew Blue out of the box and finished with 16 hits. In the second the Giants lost by only one run when Billie Jean King's kid brother, Randy Moffitt, relieving with the bases loaded, walked Los Angeles Centerfielder Bill North to give the Dodgers the league lead for the first time since May. Then the Giants fought back, winning a one-run game with a home run from Second Baseman Bill Madlock, a Dodger nemesis (he has a .342 career average against Los Angeles). The fourth game went into extra innings. The Giants stayed alive on a hit by aging Superstar Willie McCovey, indestructible and still explosive at 40, and carried to victory and a renewed fingernail grip on first place by a brand new hero, 22-year-old Born-Again Christian Rightfielder Jack Clark. Said Clark, after singling home the winning run in the eleventh inning: "This was to prove to the Dodgers and the rest of the league that we're for real."

The Giant players celebrated this victory as if it had brought them a pennant, and fans began freely invoking the memory of such miracle teams as the 1969 Mets and the 1950 Philadelphia Phillies. But the resurgent Giants are far from mirac-

ulous. The '69 Mets managed to win a pennant with a notably low team batting average of .242. The Giants are not great hitters either. McCovey, for example, though useful in the clutches, is currently batting at .226. But the Giant team average is rising and has now reached a respectable .253. Moreover, they have gone to great pitching, fine fielding and super hustle, most of it assembled through a mix of purchases, trades and risky farm-club promotions by Owner Bob Lurie, who bought the club in 1976.

His essential coup was a seven-player swap that brought Star Left-hander Vida Blue and his blazing fastball across the Bay from Oakland, after three other teams had unsuccessfully tried to get him. Blue has a 16-and-6 record so far with an ERA of 2.65. Freed at last from the slough of despond into which Oakland Owner Charlie Finley's hostile machinations cast him, Blue has been playing and pitching with sheer joy—and a fastball still clocked at around 95 m.p.h. He stands beside the dugout leading the fans in cheering for other Giants. He has been known to wipe off wet bats for his teammates after a rain. He just may bring the pennant to San Francisco, win the Cy Young Award and be voted Most Valuable Player. "If you ask about our success," says Giant Manager Joe Altobelli, "I could point my finger at him and say: 'There it is.'"

When Blue is blazing, the Giants can afford not to worry too much about an average-run production per game or two. Nor is there much sweat when tall Right-hander Ed Halicki (6 and 6, 2.72 ERA) and hard-throwing Lefty Bob Knepper (12 and 9, 2.87 ERA) are on the mound. Like the bulk of the pitching staff, the rest of the Giant team is made up of new and mostly young players, steady and reassured by a brilliant veteran. The veteran is McCovey, the only Giant playing for the team when it won in 1962, a man who has now hit 504 home runs (twelfth place on the all-time home-run list). McCovey gives younger players confidence and generates game-winning hits, 13 so far, 60 RBIs and eleven homers. Manager Altobelli describes McCovey among the young as an eagle offering example and protection to eaglets. Though somewhat, well, high flown, the comparison makes sense, especially as some of the eaglets are flying pretty high. The Giant outfield consists of a trio of speedsters 25 or under. In his third season, Clark, 22, a product of the Giant farm system, set a team record by hitting safely in 26 straight games. Larry Herndon, the most agile of the three, can rifle a runner out at the plate from centerfield. Terry Whitfield sprays hits to all fields, is batting .304, and zips around the bases with



Veteran Willie McCovey following a hit
Indestructible at 40, but still explosive

an effervescence that evokes memories of the young Willie Mays.

An all-eaglet outfield may not be the most reliable form of transportation to carry the Giants to the pennant. During a hot stretch drive, especially against relentless veterans, they have been known to flutter dangerously, not to say grow flustered, under stress. The Dodgers are such an enemy. Though they have thus far stumbled along, beset by injuries, they are still at or near the top, an established team

of stars capable of leaving anybody in the dust.

Pitcher Don Sutton struggled with his control at the start of the season, yet he has won twelve games, against nine losses, mixing up curves and fastballs that leave batters fuming. First Baseman Steve Garvey, ramrod straight in the batter's box, the Jock Armstrong of baseball, has had that regular Garvey year: M.V.P. in the All-Star game, hitting .289, with 84 runs batted in. Rightfielder Reggie Smith, who has been alternately brooding or brilliant in the past for Boston and St. Louis, is now a happily artful Dodger. He has a tremendous arm, a pulverizing bat and looks like the best rightfielder in the league. Not Reggie has been at least one reason why the Dodgers have drawn so well. This year they are almost assured of being the first team in baseball to top the 3 million mark for a season.

Regardless of big attendance, Manager Tommy Lasorda, whose office walls are hung with pictures of such pals as Frank Sinatra and Comedian Don Rickles, sees no humor in being in a virtual tie for first place. Without the early season injuries, which are now mostly behind them, he feels sure the Dodgers would be soaring. Mildly but logically, Lasorda points to the fact: "You can't have two out of eight starters out and not be hurt."

Not far off, too, lurks the big shadow of the creaky but still powerful Big Red Machine in Cincinnati. The Reds have hung tight all season despite a below par year from one of baseball's all-time great pitchers, Tom Seaver, and injuries to former M.V.P.s, such as Catcher Johnny Bench and Second Baseman Joe Morgan. Last year's M.V.P., George Foster, is leading the league in RBIs. The hottest news around Cincinnati lately has been Pete Rose's 44-game hitting streak, one of the

major reasons why the Reds have clung so close to the lead. If Seaver should get back to form and Morgan and Bench revive, the Reds could roll right past everyone again. After the Dodger-Giant free-for-all was over, Cincinnati was only 1½ games off the pace.

Whether the young Giants are the team of destiny that their fans have so proudly and perhaps prematurely hailed remains to be seen. What they have surely done is to give a fierce rivalry a new lease on life in California. Since the Giants are young and fast, they are likely to be going at the Dodgers full tilt for years. However the wrenching, grueling pennant drive turns out, there are plenty of brush-embank pitches, spikes-high slides into second, empty-the-dugout confrontations and plain, hard baseball ahead.



Second Baseman Madlock is airborne as Garvey breaks up double play
Celebrating a squeaky victory as if it had brought them a pennant

Show Business

The Muppets Make the Big Move

Even now they are closing in on Tinsel Town

The scene: An amiable frog enters the El Sneezy Café and perches at the bar. A thug who looks amazingly like a malevolent Kojak starts eyeballing him. The creature, a poyeyed *Candide* named Kermit the Frog, had just hopped in for a quick one en route to Hollywood, but now Madeline Kahn, slinking alongside him, coos: "Buy me a drink, sailor?" Soon Kermit the Frog finds himself arguing with Telly Savalas about warts. Behind them a sinister crew of rogues are tearing up the place. This is clearly no club for an honest frog; the menu even features french fried frog's legs.



Puppeteer Jim Henson

Piggy, the porcine blonde caught achingly between show-biz ambition and true love; and a star-struck turkey, Gonzo the Great.

"There's a void in the motion picture world for... whatever this is," smiles the movie's Executive Producer Martin Starger, U.S. representative of British Producer Sir Lew Grade. Just what it will be is hard to pin down: maybe something like *Punch* and *Judy* done according to *Mad Magazine*.

The movie is being shot in Georgia and California without any animated effects. Beyond the clever scenes and imaginative facial sculpting, its success depends on a proud and well-paid crew of 20 invisible performers who are the real actors. The Muppeteers must crouch uncomfortably below the set's surface with their Muppet-covered arms stretched painfully skyward, as they stare into reverse-image video monitors to see what their arms and fingers are doing. "Think of dancing, which is a physical extension of internal feelings," explains Muppeteer Jerry Nelson, 44. "In a smaller way, pushing creative energy through your arm into the puppet is the same thing."

The human actors are mildly envious. "Those puppets get acting moments that most actors never have," observes Austin Pendleton who plays the movie's softhearted villain. Director James (*Kid Blue*) Frawley has already suspended disbelief. Says he: "My work with Kermit the Frog is as specific

as it would be with Bobby Redford."

The master manipulator is Muppet Founder Jim Henson, 41, who introduced his creatures 21 years ago as *Sam and Friends* on local television in Washington. Henson was a University of Maryland freshman at the time. By graduation, he had made enough money letting his Muppets shill for TV commercials so that he could arrive to pick up his diploma in a Rolls-Royce. The Muppets traveled to New York next for dates on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Jane Nebel, a *Sam and Friends* partner, had by now become Jane Henson; and Frank Oz, a journalism student from San Francisco, had joined up to create Fozzie the Bear and then Miss Piggy. Other Muppets (the term is a cross between a hand puppet and a marionette) were born through the years according to need and inspiration.

In 1970 Henson's creations took the U.S. by storm as the puppets on *Sesame Street*. Then three years ago Sir Lew Grade decided to back a worldwide syndicated show featuring Kermit the Frog as M.C. With 156 outlets in the U.S. and 106 overseas, it is the most popular first-run TV show internationally. Henson still picks the translators meticulously for their ability to mimic the English-speaking characters.

This week Henson will not be doing anything like auditioning Japanese Gonzos. He will be over his head in swamp water, encased in an aluminum tank that is equipped with a video monitor and earphones. Through rubber arms on the top of the casing, Henson will be guiding Kermit the Frog as he sits on a log playing his banjo. Dom DeLuise, a Hollywood agent, slashes into view, lost on a fishing trip. Kermit the Frog spots an ad in Dom's copy of *Variety* announcing auditions for "frogs wishing to become rich and famous." He sets off and, in true road picture tradition, picks up Fozzie. Miss Piggy and Gonzo along the way.

Work on film forces subtle, close-up shooting. A half-inch of movement can spoil a sequence. (For one scene, a roomful of Muppets must be in motion, restlessly sitting through a preview of the movie. Says one: "I've seen a detergent that leaves better film than this.") Still Henson runs a happy set. Edgar Bergen, 75, who does a bit with Charlie McCarthy, believes that the Muppets "have given puppetry a new dimension. It's awfully good theater." But Comic Steve Martin best explains their appeal: "Pretty soon you don't want to talk to people anymore. You just want to talk to the Muppets."



Kermit the Frog



The Muppets gather with their leader to watch a screening of their movie

Can it be that a detergent leaves a better film than this?



Suzanne Rand and John Monteith backstage at the off-Broadway Theater East

Telepathic Wit

Tonight they improvise

Paint their names on a solid oak door and they could be a Wall Street law firm: Monteith & Rand. Put them on a busy street and they would scarcely be noticed. John Monteith, 29, looks like a cheery ad salesman; Suzanne Rand, 28, looks like a Cybill Shepherd with facial expressions. But drop them on a stage—any stage anywhere—and Monteith & Rand are the funniest, most inventive comedy team to come along in years, recalling the days of Nichols and May.

They started out with the Proposition Troupe in Cambridge, Mass., and for the past six months have been convulsing audiences at half a dozen Manhattan cabarets. For several weeks they have been at the off-Broadway Theater East, and next month will be in Washington, per-

forming for President Carter and 1,000 other assorted Democrats at a giant party fund raiser in the Washington Hilton. In October, assuming they have not conquered the world, Monteith & Rand will probably be on Broadway, where the Shubert Organization has already offered them the Booth Theater.

Their specialty is surprise, and they delight in what might be called ambush humor: make them laugh when they least expect it. In one skit, Suzanne, a very leggy blonde, sits down at a bar and orders a gimlet. Monty, pretending he is gay, persuades her that he is now ready to try women, all but writing a sonnet to the female sex. Finally she gives in. "You should try a woman," she says. "In fact," she adds before rushing away, "I'm going to do the same thing."

With few exceptions, the skits are marvelously funny, but Monteith & Rand show their real talent in improvisation. They ask the crowd to supply a setting

and a couple of sentences, and they do the rest. One night last week, for example, the audience put them in Moscow, ordered them to begin the scene with a meaningless sentence. "He who hesitates laughs last," and while they were at it work in a reference to Christina Onassis. There was a second's hesitation while two very fast computers scanned the possibilities, and Monty started muttering. "He who hesitates laughs last," in a thick Russian accent. "No, no," Suzanne, as Christina Onassis, gently explained, he had it wrong—but never mind. "I can buy you the best course Berlitz has to offer." "Have we been to Berlitz?" Monty, playing Christina's latest husband, Sergei Kauzov, asks plaintively. "No, that's Berlin," she answers.

Another time the audience dumped them in the Garden of Eden, where Suzanne was soon gobbling an apple. "Forbidden fruit!" shrieked Monty. "What do you think the FDA's for but to warn you off stuff like that? Next thing you know, you'll be smoking." He added: "We've got a good landlord, and we've messed the place up. We probably have the best garden apartment in town."

They feed lines to each other with the smooth telepathy of an old married couple, but in fact their only relationship is professional. He grew up in Philadelphia and wanted to be a song-and-dance man; she was raised in a suburb of Chicago and wanted to sing in cabarets. When they met at the Proposition in Cambridge, however, they knew they had something else going. "We thought, 'Wouldn't we be great onstage?'" says Suzanne. "We make each other laugh so." They started working "semisteadily," as they put it, two years ago, and this year became a permanent team, amperand and all. Audiences are now joining in their laughter. That kind of light humor called improvisation, which died out in the dark days of the late '60s, is back, as welcome as ever. —Gerald Clarke

Milestones

BORN. To Julie Nixon Eisenhower, 30, younger daughter of former President Richard Nixon, and David Eisenhower, 30, grandson of late President Dwight Eisenhower: a daughter, their first child; in San Clemente, Calif. Name: *Jennie*.

DIED. Paul Yu Pin, 77, China's only Roman Catholic Cardinal; of a heart attack; in Rome, where he had gone to participate in the Vatican conclave that will elect a successor to Pope Paul VI. After the Chinese Catholic Church was shattered in 1949 by the Communists, the towering Yu Pin (6 ft. 3 in.) was ordered by Pope Pius XII to abandon his diocese of Nanking for the U.S., and was condemned to death in absentia by the Communists.

DIED. Joe Venuti, eightyish, peerless jazz violinist whose daring experiments in swing were matched only by his outrageous

practical jokes; in Seattle. Trained in the classics, Venuti played second violin in the Philadelphia Orchestra but longed to improvise. He played with Dance Band Leaders Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman, teamed up with Guitarist Eddie Lang to make hundreds of vintage jazz recordings and then formed his own band. An energetic performer who worked high jinks with his bow to play four strings at once, Venuti enjoyed a renaissance in the past decade and was still performing in jazz spots last spring.

DEATH REVEALED. James Gould Cozzens, 74, successful, cerebral American novelist whose *Guard of Honor*, the story of a young World War II general faced with a problem of racial discrimination, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1949; of pneumonia; on Aug. 9, in Stuart, Fla. After his first novel, *Confusion*, was published, Cozzens

dropped out of Harvard, wrote one more novel, then married a New York literary agent and settled into a life of seclusion and unremitting hard work. In the 13 books that followed he fashioned a stark vision of life, and sometimes a clinical view of love, against meticulously researched professional backdrops. *The Last Adam* (1933) was about a doctor; *Men and Brethren* (1936) was about a minister; *The Just and the Unjust* (1942) and *By Love Possessed* (1957) about lawyers. Cozzens' plots are seamless and compelling, his protagonists unromantic, conservative and admirable for their maturity and self-discipline and for doing the best they can with what they have. "I have no thesis," he once said, "except that people get a very raw deal from life." The day before he died he looked over *Just Representations*, a 568-page collection of his works published last week.

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The Mark Philipsses and Peter smile for Uncle Tony



Bacall tells "the whole story" of her life and loves

People

Uncle Tony isn't married to Aunt Meg any more, but Princess Anne still rang him up to do some snaps. So Lord Snowdon traveled to the 1,200-acre Gloucestershire estate where Anne lives with Husband Mark Phillips. The resulting portraits of the Philipsses and their son Peter so pleased Anne that she picked 20 poses for her official 28th-birthday portraits. Lord Snowdon does not believe in

having a readily identifiable technique, because, he says, "that would limit me to a recognizable style." Recognizable subjects, however, are obviously desirable.

One set off in a \$42,000 shark cage while the other quietly plunged into the sea with little protection. But neither Diana Nyad, 28, nor Stella Taylor,

46, completed her marathon swim last week. Nyad was thwarted in her Cuba-to Key West swim by 5-ft. to 8-ft. waves and painful jellyfish stings. As for Taylor, she headed off for Florida from the Bahamas, but was forced to stop because of strong currents. Said she: "It was a great time."

It was on Jan. 30, 1976, that Swedish police grabbed Film Director Ingmar Bergman out of Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theater to interrogate him about his taxes. Last week, after a victory in the tax courts, Bergman was back directing in the same theater. Earlier, he had celebrated his 60th-birthday party on the Baltic island of Fårö. On hand were his eight children (by four wives plus Liv Ullmann), along with the four children of his fifth wife Ingrid. Bergman gave a smile of a summer night when Linn, his daughter by Ullmann, presented him with a crown of wildflowers.

Little Betty Perske from Brooklyn grew up into Lauren Bacall, long-legged, thirty-voiced actress and wife of Humphrey Bogart and Jason Robards. Soon readers will learn "the whole story," as she puts it, in her first book, *Lauren Bacall By Myself*, to be published in January. Her contract with Knopf "came along at a time

in my life when I didn't know what I was going to do," says Bacall, 53. The autobiography, which describes her marriages and her affair with Frank Sinatra, will "tell much more about me than I ever thought people should know," says Bacall. But even if her book takes off, Bacall feels that her real calling is on Broadway. "The stage has been welcoming to me," she says. "I feel I belong."

On the Record

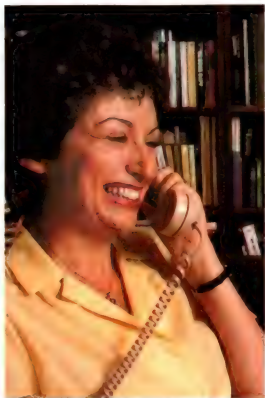
Robert F. Kennedy Jr., explaining why, in his book about Alabama Judge Frank Johnson Jr., he did not mention the suicide of Johnson's son: "I'd seen what the press made of things that had happened to my family. I don't think I can express how deep a hurt that is."

Studs Terkel, author of the "oral history" *Working*: "The most rewarding moment comes when a stranger writes and says, 'I have read *Working* and now I'll never talk rudely to a waitress again.'"

Raymond Barre, France's Premier, reflecting on his countrymen: "They are often irritating and even exasperating, but without the French there would be no Europe. What is most striking is that the French have a vision, a certain idea about Europe."



Bedecked Bergman poses with his extended family



Winning bidder, New American Library Editor Elaine Koster



Books

COVER STORY

Paperback Godfather

Meet Mario Puzo, the author you can't refuse

"The profession of book writing makes horse racing seem like a solid, stable business."

—John Steinbeck

It was dinnertime at the Manhattan publishing offices of G.P. Putnam's Sons. The last bag of taco chips had long since tumbled from the corridor vending machine, but Subsidiary Rights Director Irene Webb, 30, and her colleagues were not leaving their desks. June 15, 1978, was a day for executive field rations. Since 9:30 a.m. Webb's ear had been grafted to her telephone, accepting bids for what ended as the most expensive paperback auction in publishing history: \$2.2 million for the rights to reprint Mario Puzo's new novel, *Fools Die*, plus \$350,000 to reprint his alltime bestselling saga, *The Godfather*. The previous record price, \$1.9 million, was paid for Colleen McCullough's Australian sheep opera, *The Thorn Birds*, now playing beach blankets and jammed airline lounges throughout the free-time world.

The first hard-cover edition of *Fools Die* is not scheduled to go on sale until October. This meant that the paperback publishers were bidding that June day on futures, as if the book were listed on the commodity exchange along with soybeans

and pork bellies. With good reason. The booming paperback business can become as risky, and profitable, an arena as the stock market and the gambling casino. Fortunes have changed hands at paperback auctions and reprint sales; unknowns have become overnight celebrities because of a paperback success. Authors like John Jakes (*The Bastard*), institutions like the Agatha Christie estate, romancers like Rosemary Rogers and Victoria Holt owe their millions to the modest little 7-in. by 4-in. volumes that decorate racks at drugstores, airports, supermarkets and book emporiums. No wonder that Mario Puzo's latest effort excited such frantic bidding. With paperback rights, the successful bidder would be able to saturate those ubiquitous wire racks—if Puzo's track record is any guide—with one of next year's biggest blockbusters. Stores would be clamoring for every paperback copy of *Fools Die* they could lay hands on. This, in turn, would give the publisher leverage to persuade sellers to stock other titles on the firm's list: a million-dollar domino theory.

Before the 15-hour sale ended, some bidders had grown grouchy as they saw the cost of the prize soar. "They sounded as if they had low blood sugar, and I offered to send them sandwiches," recalls Webb. For the winner, Elaine Koster, 37, ed-



FOOLS Die Mario

G.P. Putnam's subsidiary rights auctioneer Irene Webb

itor in chief and publisher of New American Library, the problem was breathable air. The cooling system in her office overlooking a gaudy flank of the Americana Hotel had been shut off. At 8 p.m. she retreated to her more comfortable West Side apartment for the final and triumphant round.

It was literally a day for the books. In addition to the Puzo package, Koster was chasing rights to publish works by Franz Kafka. She was outbid by Pocket Books, who paid \$210,000. The Prague pension clerk would have been fascinated by the rituals of a modern paperback auction. He had envisioned the adrenal new world in his novel *Amerika*. But could he have imagined that he would be in six figures?

Weeks before the Puzo sale, competing publishers had laid intricate game plans that many would scrap to stay in the race. Final offers from runners-up Ballantine and Pocket Books were both \$2.5 million, only \$50,000 short of N.A.L. That seems a relatively small gap, but it is a chasm to the bidder already hundreds of thousands of dollars over his limit. In such cases, terms of the sale tip the balance.

In the Puzo case, the hard-cover publisher, Putnam, will receive only 40% of the advance. Puzo gets the rest. Most authors settle for a 50-50 arrangement. The novelist expects to take his \$1.5 million share in chunks spread over five years. With 10% going to his agent and approximately half of the rest for taxes, he should eventually pocket at least \$500,000 from the record \$2,550,000 auction.

An unwritten publishing rule stipulates that authors stay away from the point sale. That suited Puzo, 57, fine. He spent the big payday in his studio and on his backyard tennis court in Bay Shore, L.I. "To me this was a

business matter," he says. "I had nothing to do with it. I told my agent Candida Donadio: 'Get it done and tell me when it's finished.'"

Nevertheless, the ever watchful godfather of *The Godfather* never missed a shuffle of the paperback poker game: "While I was playing tennis it was up to 1.6, something like that. Then after dinner it was 1.8. It was Ballantine, N.A.L., and up to 1.5 Bantam was in it. The last three were Pocket Books, Ballantine, N.A.L. Then at 9 o'clock I got a phone call. Ballantine and N.A.L. were up to 2.4. Then I got a final call saying that Ballantine and N.A.L. were at 2.5 and 2.55, and if it was O.K. with me, we'd take it. They had to get my O.K."



Author Mario Puzo at his typewriter
More pasta and less panache.

Such fast action was unheard of 40 years ago when the modern paperback business was born. Potboiler westerns, mysteries and a few novels were sold mainly in drugstores and on newsstands. The 1950s saw the emergence of "trade" or "quality" paperbacks. They were the inexpensive, soft-covered reprints of classics, serious novels and texts that heralded the so-called paperback revolution. Readership climbed steadily with the growth of the college-educated population. Last year's industry figures indicate that more than 530 million paperbacks were sold, between 60% and 80% bought by women mainly in the 18-to-34 age range.

In the years before high-powered auctions, hard-cover houses would circulate manuscripts to their friends in the paperback business. Back would come sealed bids, with the rights going to the highest offer in a one-round competition. In 1957, for example, Fawcett paid \$100,000 for rights to James Gould Coz-

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Books

zens' novel of emotional middle-age spread, *By Love Possessed*. Four years later the same house paid \$400,000 for William L. Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*.

The hyperthyroid auction era arrived in 1972, when Avon Books spent \$1 million for Thomas Harris' *I'm Okay, You're Okay*. Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's *All the President's Men* sold for \$1 million in 1974; two years later their *The Final Days* fetched \$1,550,000. Other notable \$1 million-plus books include Erich Segal's *Oliver's Story* (\$1,410,000), E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime* (\$1,850,000), Dorothy Uhnak's *The Investigation* (\$1,595,000), William Safire's *Full Disclosure* (\$1,375,000) and McCullough's phenomenal *The Thorn Birds*, which nearly broke the \$2 million barrier.

Unsuccessful bidders for Puzo's new work have grumbled that many of these books are the equal of Puzo's in earning power, and that the re-print rights for *The Godfather* were generously underestimated to ensure the record sale of *Fools Die*.

A case of sour grapes? Possibly. The figures paid for books are impressive, but to recoup a multimillion-dollar investment today, paperback publishers must tout their products like new cars. Record-sale publicity is one way. And, of course, there are gimmicks and advertising blitzes for the soon-to-be-made-into-a-major-motion-picture that augment the hard-sell paperback commercials on radio and TV.

The show-biz approach was inevitable as the paperback business grew: some of the largest paperback houses belong to conglomerates with movie and television interests. In addition, inflation has pushed the cost of paperbacks higher than the average for most commodities, demanding more aggressive salesmanship. In the past six years the cover price of a rack-size book has jumped 77%, from an average of 93¢ to \$1.65. The consumer price index for the same period rose 44.8%. Where will it end? Inflation is not likely to vanish and neither is the desire of publishers to secure bigger blockbusters. This is almost certain to cause new records in paperback auctions. Says Putnam's Webb: "There's no ceiling. God knows, there's no ceiling."

Last year Bantam Books President Oscar Dystel spread a little gloom among his colleagues when he cautioned that net unit sales—the actual number of paperback books sold—have remained fairly static since 1973. William R. Grose, editor in chief of Dell, takes a grimmer view. "I used to think there was a ceiling on paperback rights. Now I don't know. The consumer is the one who pays for all this nonsense, and the consumer doesn't seem to have balked. Everyone you talk to will say it's an unhealthy situation, but no one knows what to do."

But even though costs are spiraling, a paperback remains an exceptional entertainment value. As one reviewer once put it, "*Shogun* is a summer vacation." So are most other bestsellers. The trick



Mario Puzo as Don Corleone
An inversion of Walter Cronkite.

is to book readers into the right vacation. N.A.L. hopes to sell more than 10 million copies of *Fools Die* and their edition of *The Godfather*. There are already 13 million paperback copies of the Mafia classic in print.

Puzo's new work is not likely to exceed that figure, though its lure may be enhanced by the autobiographical nature of the novel. Its hero, John ("The Kid") Merlyn, like Puzo, is a formerly impoverished novelist who turns commercial, has intriguing connections in the gambling world of Las Vegas, and spends a good deal of time writing film scripts in Hollywood. Merlyn's unpretentious philosophy and even his tone of voice sound familiarly like the author's. Reflects Merlyn: "I wanted to live an honorable life, that was my big hang-up. I prided myself on being a realist, so I didn't expect myself to be perfect. But when I did something shitty, I didn't approve of it or kid myself, and usually I did stop doing the same kind of shitty thing again. But I was often disappointed in myself since there was a great variety of shitty things a person can do, and so I was always caught by surprise."

Fools Die contains the sort of mini-dramas and surprises that keep paperback readers flipping pages: a man wins a small fortune at baccarat and blows his brains out; a straightforward love affair turns baroque with kinky sex; an extremely cautious character makes a stupid and fatal error.

Puzo's descriptions of Las Vegas, its Strip, showgirls, characters, and the variety of ways one can lose money swiftly and painlessly, are carried off with brio. The green baize world of casino management has never seemed more professional, entertaining and lethal.

In Hollywood, Merlyn-Puzo's eyes alternately widen with naive excitement and narrow with humorous contempt. His description of a studio head with the Dickensian name of Wartberg: "He used lawyers as a hood used guns, used affection as a prostitute used sex. He used good works as the Greeks used the Trojan Horse, supported the Will Rogers home for retired actors, Israel, the starving millions of India, Arab refugees from Palestine. It was only personal charity to individual human beings that went against his grain."

Merlyn, as his name implies, thinks of himself as a literary necromancer who can magically make his audience laugh and cry at the same time. Actually, he is an attractive and bittersweet con man, as the last chapter of the novel reveals. The ambiguous hero of the book is a writer named Osano, a ruthless genius who pursues his dreams of potency, fame and fortune by living out his darkest instincts.

Osano is constructed of some cast-off parts of Norman Mailer and some full-blown fantasies of Mario Puzo. The character is a grand fool, but also a brutally honest observer. Says he to Merlyn: "You live in your own world, you do exactly what you want to do. You control your life. You never get into trouble, and when you do, you don't panic; you get out of it. Well, I admire you, but I don't envy you. I've never seen

Mario Puzo's Godfatherly Rules For Writing a Bestselling Novel

1. Never write in the first person.
2. Never show your stuff to anybody. You can get inhibited.
3. Never talk about what you are going to do until after you have written it.
4. Rewriting is the whole secret to writing.
5. Never sell your book to the movies until after it is published.
6. Never let a domestic quarrel ruin a day's writing. If you can't start the next day fresh, get rid of your wife.
7. Moodiness is really concentration. Accept it because concentration is the key to writing.
8. A writer's life should be a tranquil life. Read a lot and go to the movies.
9. Read criticism only in the beginning. Then read novels to learn technique.
10. Never trust anybody but yourself. That includes critics, friends and especially publishers.

Books

you do or say a really mean thing, but I don't think you really give a shit about anybody. You're just steering your life."

Such candid statements appear throughout *Fools Die*. Novelist Puzo enjoys casting a sly peasant eye on pretension and self-delusion. When moralist Puzo judges his characters' behavior it is not because that behavior offends convention but because it endangers survival. Merlyn's warning to a promiscuous actress about the dangers of V.D. echoes an Army training film, though the reader may not be sure whether the author is trying to be funny or just didactic. The novel's biggest flaw is a switching back and forth from third- to first-person narrative, thus violating Puzo's own first rule of writing.

Yet Merlyn's knack for lively yarning and his ability for introspection give the book its special quality: a fat, commercial novel with a lean, serious writer signaling wildly to get out. Insiders in Las Vegas and Hollywood may be doing some wild signaling themselves. The novel has an enticing *roman à clef* flavor even though Puzo dismisses the issue with a typically tough and ready remark: "How dare they think they are part of my creation?" Nevertheless, Pauline Kael will be flattered when she recognizes herself as the highly praised film critic Clara Ford. Certain agents, and some executives at Universal who shortchanged Puzo for his script of *Earthquake*, will not be so pleased.

Puzo won his suit against the studio. Yet film writing is a subject that sends him to the mattresses: "It is the most crooked business that I've ever had any experience with," he says. "You can get a better shake in Vegas than you can get in Hollywood." His advice to novelists heading west to write for film: "Make sure you get a gross, not a net percentage of the profits. If you can't get gross, try and get as much money as you can up front. But the best way is to go in with a mask and a gun."

Antagonism between authors and producers is at least as old as Jack Warner's reputed classification of scriptwriters as "schmucks with Underwoods." Puzo has no illusions or false pride about his screen work. "I'm fascinated by the movies simply because it is an enormous machine for making money and no matter how bad they run it, it still makes money. It's the perfect industry to put your nephew in and your idiot cousin, because they'll be geniuses."

The money machine has been exceptionally kind to Puzo. He made about \$1 million for his work on *Godfather I*. For *Godfather II* he received a \$100,000 script fee plus a promise of 10% of the net—which he is yet to see. There is another \$1 million, minus legal expenses, for *Earthquake*, and \$350,000 plus 5% of the gross on *Superman I and II*, the forthcoming spectacular about The Man of Steel. On top of this, Puzo will earn \$250,000 in increments and a gross percentage for his treatment for *Godfather III*. The paperback millionaire estimates that in the past ten years he has made at least \$6 million from his books and movies. Before *Godfather*, his combined income from two previous novels amounted to \$6,500.

Perhaps because success came to him in middle age, he has no romantic notions about what money can or cannot do. The long shot of literary recognition and reward has paid off, "but it can't make me 26 years old and 150 lbs.," says the 5-ft. 6-in. author whose sumo-wrestler stomach is the major contributor to his 208 lbs. Still, financial security has been good to his actuar-

ial statistics. Observes Puzo, a diabetic who suffered a heart attack five years ago: "If I hadn't made a lot of money on *The Godfather*, I would probably be dead now, because I would have ended up working every day and living under a great deal of pressure and guilt over taking care of my family."

For the Puzos, such pressure is over. Mario and German-born Wife Erika, whom he met while serving with the Army in World War II, live with two of their five children in a white colonial tract house on Long Island. The house was a contractor's model, and the author bought it furnished in 1969. He has little concern with the obvious symbols of success. His wife made him trade in his Cadillac for a Lincoln that he does not like to drive. When he comes to Manhattan for the day, he prefers to hire a chauffeur-driven limousine.

The conspicuous possession he values is his tennis court. On its clay surface he is a better than average weekend player, unusually agile for a portly man. The interior of the Puzo home is as colorful as his fiction. Opposite a fake leopard-covered lounge chair hang two Writers Guild award plaques for *Godfather I and II*; the Oscars anchor a shelf. Another wall contains sliding glass cabinets holding copies of all his books with the fronts of their dust jackets facing out. Puzo is an avid and se-

rious reader, but there is no library in sight. "I don't have much of one," he explains. "Books I don't like I throw away, or somebody comes and borrows them."

Upstairs, past a 5-ft. stuffed tiger in the hallway and through his purple-carpeted bedroom, is what Puzo calls his "peasant's study." It is a no-frills working area with an oak desk and a Naugahyde couch on which he broods and dozes. He writes in concentrated bouts; though, as he says, "my wife has never seen me work." A small table holds a worn portable Olympia. "If anything ever happened to it I would have to stop writing," he claims. Old personal objects have a talisman's significance. He is



The father of *The Godfather* presides over a family meal in Long Island

"When you get lucky, you have to have the strength to follow through."

likely to wear the same light cord trousers, sports shirt and suede Bally slip-ons until his wife throws them out. He has even kept his lower-class New York accent—an obvious cover for a refined literary sensibility. Pretentiousness and a flashy style disturb him. Says Puzo about the gunning down of one of New York's flamboyant mobsters: "Whenever I see a guy with panache, I get scared. Now, Joey Gallo had panache. He wanted me to write his autobiography. I ran like a thief. I told my publisher that he would be dead in six months. And he was. I knew he would be killed because he had too much panache. More pasta and less panache is a good saying to remember."

It is a godfather's view of the world. Indeed, the old don embodies Puzo's heroic ideal. "A hero," he insists, "is a guy who is very, very careful. He takes risks while he takes precautions. Like in my own family, I am very careful with my kids and my wife. My idea of a hero is a guy who never discloses any of his responsibilities or duties but glories in fulfilling them."

Puzo glories in monetary gifts to relatives, and in large trust funds for his children, Tony, 31; Dorothy, 29; Eugene, 27; Virginia, 24; and Joey, 19. The generosity amounts to workmen's compensation for years of deprivation. He is a lavish upper and a restless traveler who spends as much as \$30,000 a year on airfare. But charity begins and stays at home. "Italians never give money to charity," he says. "It is what they call the Red Cross syndrome." When you appeal to Italians to give to the Red Cross, they never do because they expect to get money from the



Gambler Puzo throws the dice at the Tropicana Hotel, Las Vegas

Having more than enough, he now has too much to lose.

Red Cross. It is a psychological fact that Italians do not give to organized charities. They send money to their relatives."

The son of a railroad laborer, Mario was born into poverty in New York's Hell's Kitchen. He was pitching pennies at six; by adolescence he was playing poker with workmen beneath lampposts on Tenth Avenue. Gambling became part of Mario's life; but so did reading. Puzo has described his flowering literary imagination in an essay titled *Choosing a Dream*: "In the summertime I was one of the great Tenth Avenue athletes, but in the wintertime I became a sissy. I read books. At a very early age I discovered libraries, the one in the Hudson Guild and the public ones. I loved reading in the Hudson Guild, where the librarian became a friend. I loved Joseph Altshuler's (I don't even have to look up his name) tales about the wars of the New York State Indian tribes, the Senecas and the Iroquois. I discovered Doc Savage and the Shadow and then the great storyteller Sabatini. Part of my character to this day is Scaramouche. I like to think. And then maybe at the age of 14 or 15 or 16 I discovered Dostoyevsky. I read the books, all of them I could get. I wept for Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*. I was as guilty as Rasokolnikov. And when I finished *The Brothers Karamazov* I understood for the first time what was really happening to me and the people around me. I had always hated religion even as a child, but now I became a true believer. I believed in art. A belief that has helped me as well as any other."

A literary career was a long time in coming. First he tried a series of odd jobs, fought with his family ("My mother thought I was crazy to be a writer, and she may have been right") and wondered about a steady job and a steady girl. "Then I was saved," he recalls. "World War II broke out and I was delighted. I was delivered from my mother, my family, the girl I was loving passionately but did not love. I drove a Jeep, toured Europe, had love affairs, found a wife and lived the material for my first novel."

The book was *The Dark Arena*, published in 1955. Despite its warm critical reception, Puzo remained obscure. Recalls his old friend, Novelist George Mandel (*The Wax Boom*): "My vision of Mario then? He used to go to his brother's in a taxi to borrow money for his kids' shoes. My vision of Mario still is him leaving a building, putting a cigar in his mouth with one hand and holding up his other for a cab. Same vision, rich or poor."

In 1955 Puzo had a vision of his own. "It was Christmas Eve and I had a severe gall-bladder attack. I had to take a cab to the Veterans Administration Hospital on 23rd Street, got out and fell into the gutter. There I was lying there thinking, here I am, a published writer, and I am dying like a dog. That's when I decided I would be rich and famous."

In the hospital, he hit a lucky streak betting on baseball. The money allowed him to quit his night bank job and devote more time to writing. His other job, as a GS-5 clerk administrator at the Army Reserve unit at the 42nd Street Armory, ended in 1962 when he resigned after the department was plowed by scandal and a fellow worker was sent to jail for taking bribes. The episode is similar to the far more incriminating and candid one described in *Fools Die*.

The shake-up was another stroke of luck. It separated Puzo from his civil service security blanket and drove him to the offices of Magazine Management. The company owned such macho publications as *Male*, *Men* and *Man's World*. Puzo wrote battle stories. "I became an ace pulp writer," he recalls. "I wiped out whole armies. I wrote a story about an invasion in which I killed 100,000 men and then later read the statistics. There were only 7,000 killed. But in the process, I became an expert on World War II. I knew more than anybody because I read all the books." His editor, Novelist Bruce Jay Friedman, remembers his new writer "leaning back in his chair, a large cigar in his mouth, reading six books at once, three in each arm, like he was tasting food."

Unfortunately, Puzo also eats like he reads. He has attempted to leave 50 excess pounds on fat farms in the U.S. and Europe but the burden always finds its way back home. "My wife tries to feed me salads and my kids wrestle me from the refrigerator door," he says. But in the middle of the night, insomnia Puzo frequently drifts down to the kitchen and prepares his favorite snack: spaghetti smothered in butter sauce.

During his Magazine Management days, Puzo never stopped his intake of calories or his output of serious fiction. His second novel, *The Fortunate Pilgrim*, drew heavily on his childhood experiences. Again he found an audience of enthusiastic reviewers, but few paying readers. The author remained a hero to New York literary life, though he had some close writing friends. Among those in his regular card-playing group was Joseph Heller. Recalls Puzo: "I used to get mad at him and throw his pa-



The novelist awaits a return on his tennis court in Bay Shore, L.I.

A hero is a guy who takes risks while he takes precautions.

Books

pers around. How could I know that the stuff was going to be *Catch-22*?"

He had other reasons for rage. Both of his books had been commercial flops, and his family began to tire of his ambition and their deprivation. "I came to the point where I was terribly angry at my wife, at my brothers and sisters, at my mother," he remembers, "because nobody was on my side in this struggle. Then I sat down one day and said, why should they care because of my eccentricity? What did it have to do with them? They were perfectly right in the way they felt, and I was perfectly right in the way I felt."

His stubbornness was justified. Late in 1965 a Putnam editor stopped in at Magazine Management's offices, overheard Puzo telling Mafia yarns and offered a \$5,000 advance for a book about the Italian underworld. The rest is publishing history—and American sociology. Puzo's saga of blood and money, treachery and revenge, class injury and ferocious pride, is one of the most gripping stories in modern popular fiction. Despite its cast of venal monsters and hired killers, *The Godfather* offered a nostalgic view of the embattled family defending and enriching itself in a ruthless world. Don Corleone even became a Pop father figure—a fascinating inversion of Walter Cronkite—whose distinctively throttled voice conveyed authority, sincerity and trust.

The tone and settings of *The Godfather* were so authentic that many readers thought Puzo himself had underworld connections. But the novel, which never once mentions the word Mafia, was written entirely from research and anecdotes the author had heard from his Italian immigrant mother and on the streets of New York. Recalls Puzo: "After the book became famous, I was introduced to a few gentlemen related to the material. They were flattering. They refused to believe that I had never been in the rackets. They refused to believe that I had never had the confidence of a don." But Puzo did have a godfather's understanding of the relationship between power and luck. "A lot of it has to do with luck," he muses in a précis of his life. "Luck and strength go together. When you get lucky, you have to have the strength to follow through. You also have to have the strength to wait for the luck."

Today, when Puzo gets the urge to press his fortune, he heads for the gaming tables of Las Vegas. He is no longer a "degenerate gambler," his description of a guy who would rather gamble than do anything else. The compulsion was lost years ago when the casinos cut off his credit and demanded cash. Even the desperate excitement of changing one's life with a bank-breaking night is



View of paperbacks in a Cambridge, Mass., bookstore

A million-dollar domino theory with *Kafka* in six figures

now denied him. It is one of life's happier problems: having more than enough. He has too much to lose. Gambling is simply a \$20,000-a-year relaxation and a chance to visit with Las Vegas friends. He can usually be found prowling the Tropicana, one of the older casinos off the glittering Strip, where he has invested in the hotel's new tennis facilities.

In New York, Puzo may walk the streets unrecognized. But in Las Vegas he is a celebrity—"Mr. P." to the dealers at the baccarat tables and Mario to the casino managers and habitual high rollers. He takes fame in his slow, fluid stride, even when confronted by admirers like the young hulk in a white suit who a few weeks ago grabbed Puzo's hand and babbled, "I shoulda been Sonny. All my friends told me I'm tough. I'm big, I'm comical. I'm smart and I'm an action guy."

These days Puzo's idea of action is to hole up in one of the Tropicana's gilded suites, kick off his shoes, open his shirt and play pinochle with his cronies. As much as \$10,000 may ebb and flow around the table, but the atmosphere is casual, full of kibitzing and smoke from 8-in. Monte Cruces.

It is a scene sometimes repeated for lower stakes in New York with his closest and oldest friends, Novelists Mandel and Heller, Diamond Merchant Julie Green and a retired clothing executive named Speed Vogel. The group has been meeting and eating together for more than 15 years; most recently at Heller's Manhattan apartment where Puzo pays part of the rent and which he uses when he stays in town.

When he arrives, Mario likes to strip down to his underwear and light up a cigar. He is a reluctant housekeeper. Says Heller: "For a while, I tried to get him to make his bed, but there was no use. He says he never made his bed in the Army and he can't start now. He leaves crushed-out cigars all over the place and ashes where they happen to drop. Now, we are not the odd couple, it is just that I don't like his mess."

What his fellow novelist does like is Puzo's deceptive incongruity between his personality and his highly discriminating intelligence." It shows clearly in his early novels and the book reviews he wrote during the '60s. It flickers promisingly around the edges of *The Godfather* and *Fools Die* and could well flare in his future project, a novel that connects the Sicilian and American Mafias. If Mario Puzo never writes another word he will already have earned the title of Godfather of the Paperbacks. Like his friend Joe Heller's *Catch-22*, Puzo's *The Godfather* and "an offer you can't refuse" have already become part of the language. This may find him a niche in American letters. He is already assured a place in American numbers.





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The New Wheels

Roller-skating takes off

Every weekday morning, Mechanical Engineer John Buchan, 23, dresses neatly in a suit and tie and roller-skates seven miles across San Francisco to his office. He is not alone. The Bay City also boasts a roller-skating messenger service, skating grocery shoppers and skating mothers pushing baby carriages. In Los Angeles, Linda Ronstadt skated to a luncheon date with Governor Jerry Brown. On the boardwalk in Venice, Calif., a thousand skaters may appear on a Sunday, navigating perilously among pedestrians, while rolling guitarists serenade the sunbathers. In Minneapolis, the owner of Rolling Soles, Scott Sansby, 27, finds skating a practical means of transportation. "I tie my shoes to my belt loops and take off on my skates," he says. "They're better than a bike because you don't have to worry about locking them up when you get to your destination."

The impetus behind the new craze is an improved variety of skate. Borrowing the technology of precision ball-bearing polyurethane skateboard wheels, the new skate wheels offer the wearer an extraordinary maneuverability. Unlike the noisy, steel clamp-ons that kids used to wear, they are smooth and light, gliding over cracked pavement with silent grace and dispelling—deceptively—the fear of falling. *Aficionados* compare the sensation to that of skiing or surfing. The thrills are not exactly cheap: an assembled pair of wheels, skates and boots cost from \$60 to \$150, and customized ones can run as high as \$1,000. Many people, understandably, prefer to rent their wheels.

In Manhattan's Central Park last May, Judy Lynn, 33, a former yoga instructor, opened the Good Skates, with 200 pairs of polyurethane-wheeled skates for rent at \$2 an hour. There are waiting lines at her concession on weekends and on Tuesday nights, when city roller fans join in "Nightskates," a two-hour jaunt through the park. Last week they pirouetted and coasted to music from the New York Philharmonic's open-air concert near by. At lunch hour, regulars glide along the park's winding paths, tapping the joggers. Some of the joggers are in fact beginning to roll, and one skate manufacturer has come out with a "jogger" model—a blue running shoe with yellow racing stripes mounted on wheels. After all, skating uses many of the same muscles as running, burns a respectable number of calories and is easier on the knees.

Besides providing transportation and pleasant outings, roller skating is rapidly becoming a recognized sport. The U.S. Amateur Confederation of Roller Skating lists 12,000 speed skaters, 17,000 artistic



Buchan going to work in San Francisco

Technology borrowed from the skateboard.

skaters and 3,000 hockey skaters, with club membership up by a third in the past two years. National teams of all three kinds of skaters will compete in next year's prestigious Pan-American Games, and skaters are hoping to be included in the 1988 Olympics.

There has also, naturally, been a resurgence in rinks. "We've come a long way from the seedy places of 20 years ago," says George Pickard, the executive director of the Roller Skating Rink Operators Association of America, which has grown from 500 in 1970 to more than 1,500 members today. Many rinks have become in effect "youth nightclubs" says Pickard, with the same music and wild lighting of the discos. Cher and Ringo Starr have given parties in Los Angeles' Sherman Square Rink. Skateway, in Orange County, Calif., has a floor that looks like blue ice and a \$40,000 light and sound system. At Brooklyn's Empire Roller-drome rink, members of skating groups like the Jigaboo Jammers do the Hustle and the lindy. "Once you're rolling, you can do anything you normally do on your feet," says Lynn, with all the fervor of a Holy Roller. "You can strut, you can jump, you can do a conga line. Except that you're doing it at 20 m.p.h."

Odds & Trends

Ear Now For women who are loath to have their ears pierced, there is a new, no-bore way to wear earrings that nestle close to the lobe without clips. A magnetized earring is held in place by a minute cobalt-and-samarium magnet on the invisible side. Price: from \$7.50 to \$25. One trouble is that in telephonic or amateur exercise the quarter-inch magnet is as easy to lose as a contact lens; some stores, like Saks Fifth Avenue, will remagnetize the lady without charge. No questions asked.

Bag Wine Omar Khayyám may have to be rewritten. For the Jug of Wine that went with the Loaf of Bread—and Thou, substitute Bag (for the Jug, that is). Instead of bottling their vintages in conventional glass, nearly two dozen California wine makers, including Almadén and Geyser Peak, are putting up bulk wines in four-ply plastic film bags equipped with patented on-off spout valves. Sometimes cunningly encased in cardboard kegs, the bags are cheaper than bottles, as well as easier to ship and store. The pioneering Scholle Corp. of Northlake, Ill., which claims that its bags keep wine safely for nine months, is already unable to meet demand. But do not throw away the cork-screw. Never will a Chambertine or a Chateau d'Yquem come in anything but glass.

Chew Brew Peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon and other traditional stick flavors are old chew to the growing band of gumophiles who prefer to make their own. Using a powdered gum base called POW!, combined with corn syrup, confectioners' sugar and just about any flavoring and color or imaginable, chew-it-yourselfers can concoct a 25-ft. length of bubble gum from a \$2, 2-lb. package of mix—about half the price of the manufactured product. Says POW! Entrepreneur Fred Starkey: "If scotch is your favorite drink, flavor it with scotch. If you like fruit cocktail, use that, or use Kool-Aid." He adds with a nervous chuckle: "I've had feedback that the kids are putting grass in it." Most gum kits are sold by mail from his headquarters in Arlington, Texas.

Silver Fizz Perrier water, this year's fashionable fizz, has been available in the U.S. since 1908. That same year, Cartier, the international jeweler, also arrived on these shores. Moreover, the two French enterprises originally enjoyed the patronage of Napoleon III, who had good taste if not much else. So how to celebrate their twinnage? A diamond-studded Perrier decanter, *peut-être?* Nothing so bourgeois. What Cartier has designed for Perrier is a \$45 three-piece sterling silver set consisting of an artfully shaped bottle opener and two engraved bottle stoppers.

Time Essay

Of Hazards, Risks and Culprits

Lightning struck two young men visiting Sequoia National Park in 1975, killing one and damaging the other's nervous system. The tragedy would seem to be an ugly triumph of miscreant weather and bad luck, yet a pending lawsuit against the National Park Service demands "no less than a million" for the disabled survivor and \$1,606,645 for his late companion's family. The plaintiffs' argument: the park management negligently failed to warn the victims against standing where lightning might strike. The most amazing thing about the plaintiffs' position is that it is not at all unusual.

Today any mishap, no matter how fluky, can wind up in court. Take the case of the woman who collected \$50,000 damages from San Francisco with the contention that her fall against a pole in a runaway cable car transformed her into a nymphomaniac. Or the pedestrian who, as she crossed Chicago's Sears Tower plaza, suffered a broken jaw when the wind toppled her against a guard rail. She recently filed a \$250,000 suit against the architects and manager of the building. Her argument: the structure's design increased wind velocities in the area; moreover, the management was negligent in failing, in a period of hazardous winds, to prohibit her from crossing the plaza.

The attitude that gave rise to these suits is showing itself more and more wherever Americans venture risks. That means everywhere because the world remains strewn with invisible banana peels and eldritch hazards. "People now feel they have the right to legal redress if anyone or anything imposes upon them and interferes with their ability to enjoy life," says Chicago Lawyer Philip Corby, whose firm is prosecuting the case against Sears. This "I'm entitled" spirit is spreading so that it is time to wonder: Is there any limit at all to the world's liability for an individual's risk? Can there be a really risk-free society?

Humans, true, have tried to evade or minimize risk ever since man first ducked into a cave to elude the sabertooth. Ancient Babylonians invented marine insurance, but notoriously litigious Americans have always wanted more than mere insurance. As soon as the automobile became popular, the motoring public began to develop what San Francisco Liability Lawyer Scott Conley calls the belief that "there must be a pot of gold at the end of every whiplash." Now the old litigious spirit has become almost a reflex. Malpractice suits against doctors are epidemic. The volume of damage suits, doubling in some jurisdictions in the past ten to 15 years, has been increasing five times as fast as the population in bellwether California.

It is the avant-garde of the litigant spirit that is most unsettling. If one can blame the Government for a lightning strike and a corporation for a wind gust, it is easy to imagine tracking almost any mishap to some distant agency. Should owners of property on which there is a public passageway prohibit barefoot pedestrians or else assume liability for every stubbed toe? Must the manufacturer of a knife clearly label it as dangerous or else be vulnerable to damages for a kitchen worker's sliced finger? Could the designer of a dam be blamed if a voluntary swimmer drowned in a lake thus created?

The sue-if-possible attitude seems oddest when it crops up among those who freely—and deliberately—take risks. Surely the thrill of skiing is provided partly by the possibility of a spill.

Just as certainly, the wilderness camper who beds down in grizzly-bear country is not expecting wall-to-wall safety. Yet skiers who fall have tried to hold slope owners liable for their injuries (a verdict awarding \$1.5 million to a Vermont skier was upheld by the State Supreme Court), and outdoorsmen who camp in the vicinity of Yellowstone National Park's bears are, when attacked, trying to lay the rap on the Park Service. A camper received leg wounds from one of the bears against which the park constantly warns with signs, brochures and general publicity; the victim argued that the Park Service was negligent not to warn more sternly, more thoroughly, more precisely. The Government won that case, but an \$87,417 judgment to another victim, who had been illegally camping in the park, was set aside only on appeal.

LARRY ROSS FOR TIME



The increased tendency of injured parties to sue somebody—anybody—has several roots. One is a heightened public awareness that government agencies, private companies and individuals are vulnerable to lawsuits, and that juries too often are overly generous. The publicity given to big awards awakens greed. Says Colorado State Senator Ray Kogovsek: "People read about these enormous settlements and they think, 'If this person got so much, maybe I have a right to that much too.'" Years of activist consumerism have also made people more alert to possible claims against institutional America. The act of suing, in short, has become less personal, and when the defendant is an institution, people do not suppose anybody is getting hurt. But as high insurance rates and doctors' bills attest, a damage payment that hurts nobody

is as rare as a truly free lunch.

The modern welfare state is a monument to man's flight from risk. Yet even its considerable list of assurances—against unemployment, disability, blindness, lost bank funds, starvation—amounts to only a fraction of the protections available to Americans. Courts in California have held not only barkeeps but party hosts liable for injuries caused by drunken customers or guests. In the light of an abundance of other social cautions, one can almost imagine that the Oklahoma legislator was serious in proposing the bill, happily defeated last winter, that would have required a woman to obtain a written agreement as a legal precondition for sexual intercourse.

In both its public and private spheres, the nation is rightly acting to reduce many of the risks that people have no choice but to hazard—on the road, in factories, in the natural environment, even in the field of speculative finance. But plainly, the spreading eagerness to avoid all risks and to find culprits for all injuries is going too far. The attitude rests on a refusal to accept fate or personal folly as the real source of many of life's bumps. It is as if society is beset by the utopian dream of a world that is free, if not of risks, then of all individual responsibility for those taken and lost.

The sort of world in which some vague higher authority is expected to prohibit individuals from going any place where they might get blown by the wind or struck by lightning would be a world bereft of true freedom. If it could be contrived, such a world would be fraught with severe risks for the human spirit. For, as Psychologist William James said at the turn of the century: "It is only by risking our persons from one hour to another that we live at all."

—Frank Trippett



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